

The Grail



ST. BENEDICT

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The Grail

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FATIMA PILGRIMAGE BY AIR AND BY SEA

Because a number of persons who wish to make the Pilgrimage to Fatima in October do not care to travel by air, accommodations for sea travel have been arranged.

The Pilgrimage by sea will leave New York on the night of September the 30th on the QUEEN MARY, disembarking at Cherbourg and entraining for Paris and Lisbon. At Lisbon they will meet the group making the pilgrimage by plane on October 9th. When those making the pilgrimage by air leave by plane from Lisbon on October 24th to return to New York, this other group will also make a pilgrimage to Lourdes before embarking on the QUEEN ELIZABETH to arrive in New York around November 5th. The all inclusive price for tourist accommodation on the QUEEN MARY and the QUEEN ELIZABETH and including all travel, food, sightseeing and accommodations for the twenty-six days in Europe will be \$975.00. Reservations may be made by writing to Rev. Paschal Boland, O.S.B. The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

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Our Lady of Fatima Hope of the World

STEPHEN ORAZE

Part III

Houston, Galveston,
Corpus Christi, San Antonio

America's "Pilgrim Virgin" continues its amazing pilgrimage throughout the United States, seeking a "sufficient number" of people who will hear and heed the message of Fatima. Perhaps, as you read this eyewitness account of the pilgrimage, you will join your prayers with the hundreds of thousands of souls, who, having knelt at the feet of this beautiful image of Our Lady of Fatima, are now fulfilling her requests. They are making reparation for their own sins, the sins of others, and are praying for the conversion of Russia and for world peace. Permission is given to all papers and magazines to reprint this article in whole or in part.

AMERICA'S "Pilgrim Virgin" continues its truly spectacular tour of the United States, and in city after city, town after town, the story is always the same—thousands upon thousands of people filling church after church in remarkable demonstrations of love for the Mother of God. Even the most skeptical observers have been amazed at what they have witnessed. In many places where pastors have been "hard put" to get even a handful of people to attend their regular and special services, they have feared the same would be true for the visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin." Yet, in almost every case, even with the barest of preparations and publicity, great crowds have filled their churches to overflowing several times a day, to see the famous statue and hear the message of Fatima. This in spite of the fact the area covered

by this report of the tour was experiencing summer heat that is prevalent throughout most of the United States during July and August.

Eye-witness accounts of the tour of the European "Pilgrim Virgin" tell of the great manifestation of faith that occurred at Charleroi, Belgium, in the southeastern part of the country near the German border. During a one-day visit of the statue there, more than 400 priests were required to hear Confessions, and at Midnight Mass over 55,000 Communions were distributed. Because of the ever-increasing spontaneous enthusiasm being displayed in this country by people everywhere, especially in their public veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary, it is very probable that even more wonderful demonstrations will soon be taking place in the United States.

The "Mary's Day" celebration in Houston, and other encouraging events reported in this article, tend to strengthen this belief.

TEXAS CITY REMEMBERS

April 16, 1948, dawned clear, sunny, and cool in Texas City, Texas. It was such a day on which one might rejoice at being alive. Yet the two thousand men, women, and children who filled St. Mary's Church that morning, as well as thousands of other residents throughout the city, dreaded this day above all others. To them it was a day filled with sadness and horrible memories—a day that could not end soon enough for them.

Exactly a year ago, on just such a day, it had happened. All too well the people remembered: the ship burning in the harbor; the thousands of curious who had gathered at the waterfront; the

explosion at approximately 9:12 A.M., when the ship disintegrated with a roar that could be heard and felt more than 200 miles away; the hundreds of bodies, mingled with the debris of ships and buildings, all hurtling through the air; the factories and homes burning, blown completely away, or leveled to the ground; the firemen, curiosity-seekers, equipment, automobiles, and homes washed into the harbor by the resultant tidal wave; the stunned people by the thousands, covered with oil and grime so that it was impossible to tell white from black, wandering about aimlessly, with dazed and blank expressions on their faces, and no control whatsoever of their faculties; the heart-rending wail of little children, many with their ear-drums ruptured; the frightened dogs, running in packs as fast as they could to the North to get away from the danger; the deathly stillness that fell over the city as rescue operations began and continued into the night; only to be interrupted at 1:00 A.M. by another

blast that claimed more lives and injured more people; and the sickening despair and panic that followed.

They remembered too, the pastor of their church, Rev. William Roach, who had a premonition of his death, and had spoken five times from the pulpit of it and the impending disaster for Texas City; the beautiful young Mexican girl who had just finished talking by phone with her sweetheart about final wedding plans—and was buried in her new wedding dress; the many priests and sisters, as well as other organizations, including the Army and Navy and Red Cross and Salvation Army, who had come to offer their assistance; and more than anything they remembered the countless prayers upon prayers to God—to the Mother of God—asking Her to mend their bleeding and broken hearts.

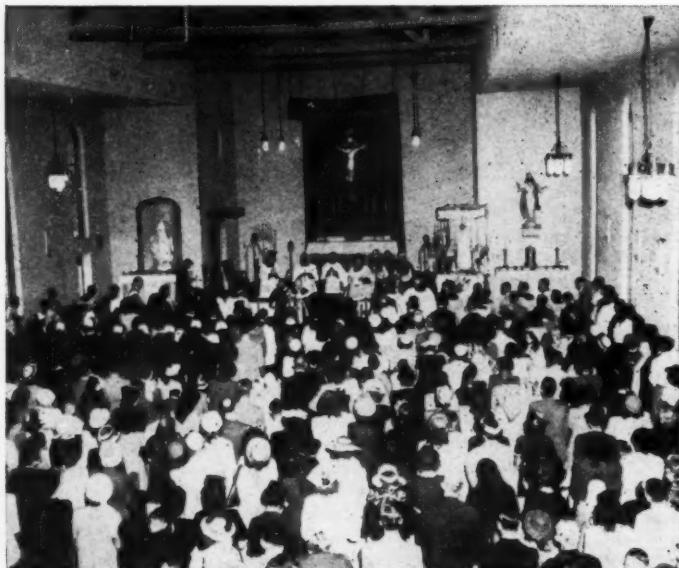
Yes, though Texas City had practically "risen from the dead" and was now mostly rebuilt, the people in the church remembered, and

were gathered to commemorate the more than 500 dead. Now, as then, they wondered and asked, "Why did it happen to Texas City? Was Texas City such a wicked city that God in His just anger had almost wiped it off the face of the earth? Or had He merely chosen Texas City as a warning to the rest of the world, and to the people of this country particularly, that they should mend their lives and give up sin, just as He had sent a Second World War, but to no avail?"

Four days earlier the people of Texas City had welcomed a beautiful image of the Queen of Heaven, called the "Pilgrim Virgin." The papers had reported nearly 5000 participated in the opening procession and ceremony. In the following days the total swelled to nearly 12,000 of those who had come to St. Mary's Church to honor Our Lady of Fatima and pray for the conversion of Russia and world peace.

Now it was April 16, 1948, and the hour was approaching 9:00 A.M. In the church the new pastor, Rev. John Lane, gave the signal to begin the ceremonies honoring the dead. Bishop Christopher E. Byrne of Galveston presided, as newly consecrated Bishop Louis J. Reicher (of the recently formed diocese of Austin, Texas) officiated at his first Solemn Pontifical Requiem Mass. More than 35 priests from neighboring cities and towns had come to participate in the services. Joined with them were the 2000 people who prayed fervently for personal peace before this beautiful image of Our Lady of Fatima which had come from half-way around the world.

Among the people present were many, many mothers bearing infants on their arms, because the little tots would never know a father. There were the poor Mexican peasant women who had lived close to where the blast and fires had caused the greatest damage, and as a result, they had lost both husbands and children—one woman her husband and



Part of the huge crowd that filled every available space at St. Mary's Church, Texas City, Texas, for the Pontifical Requiem Mass offered April 16, 1948, in memory of the 500 and more who lost their lives in the tragic explosion a year ago. Bishop C. E. Byrne of Galveston is seen blessing the catafalque.



An old man, bowed in grief, prayed at the feet of the Virgin in St. Mary's Church in Texas City. He lost two grandsons in the disaster. The pastor, Reverend John Lane, and altar boys look on in sympathy.

11 children. There were the wives who could never be sure of their husbands' deaths since no trace had ever been found of their bodies. There were the relatives of the 63 persons buried in a special plot, because to this day they remain unidentified.

As these mothers, and wives and relatives gazed into the face of the "Pilgrim Virgin" with its sad and wistful smile, they seemed to understand why Our Lady's famous statue was with them on this most important day. They remembered how this merciful Mother had also suffered a broken heart when her divine Son was crucified without cause, and there was no one to console her. Now she had come to console them, and the very ex-

pression of her eyes seemed to say: "I understand." So 9:12 came and passed—and with it went their fears. As these people prayed their thanks to the loving Mother of God for her visit to their city on this day, the spirit of peace seemed to come over them—a wonderful, consoling peace from Heaven that alone can mend a broken heart.

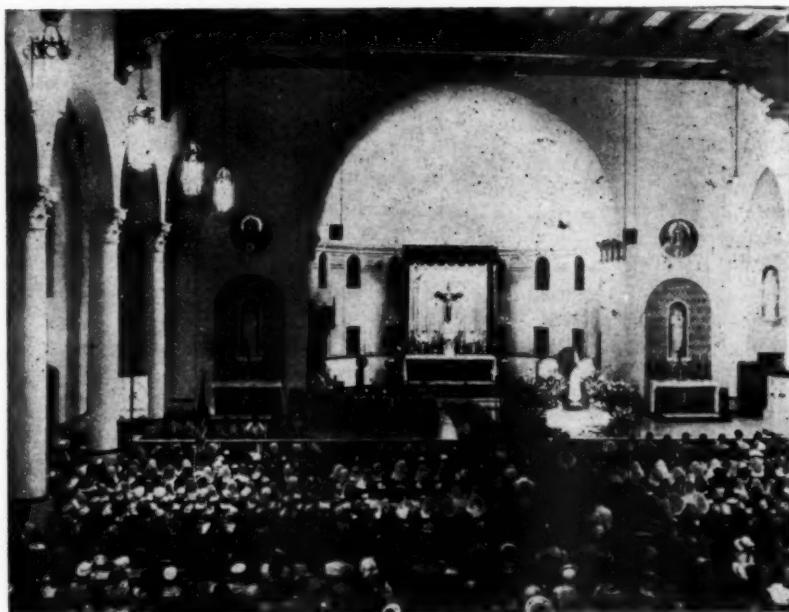
by the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word. Exactly a year earlier, these good sisters and nurses had been up for practically the entire night caring for the disaster victims being brought in from Texas City. A year later most of these same sisters and nurses again stayed up for the entire night—but what a contrast. This time they knelt in joyful prayer, offering their thanks to the Mother of God before her beautiful image which was enthroned in their chapel. To make sure of keeping awake, they all joined in a "black coffee" session around 11:30 P.M.

"PILGRIM VIRGIN" VISITS SISTERS

After Texas City the "Pilgrim Virgin" paid a one-day visit to St. Mary's Cathedral at Galveston, Texas. That evening, April 17, 1948, the statue was taken to St. Mary's Infirmary, conducted

BISHOPS LEAD DEVOTIONS IN CORPUS CHRISTI DIOCESE

Led by Bishop Emmanuel B. Ledvina, and his Coadjutor, Bishop Mariano S. Garriga, more than 50,000 parishioners in the Diocese of Corpus Christi honored Our Lady of Fatima during a week's visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin" in that diocese, which began April 18. In one of the most colorful processions seen anywhere during the



A view of the crowd of more than 3000 people that filled seats and aisles of Corpus Christi Cathedral, April 18, for the welcome ceremonies for the "Pilgrim Virgin."



The Most Reverend Emmanuel B. Ledvina venerated the beautiful image of Our Lady of Fatima by touching his beads to the feet of the "Pilgrim Virgin" at Corpus Christi Cathedral. Bishop Ledvina is one of the most distinguished alumni of St. Meinrad Seminary. Coadjutor Bishop Mariano S. Garriga is seen in the background.

course of the pilgrimage, more than 3000 people jammed beautiful, new Corpus Christi Cathedral for the welcoming ceremonies. Bishop Ledvina presided, while Bishop Garriga crowned the famous statue. During the next two days, nearly 15,000 Catholics attended various services for the conversion of Russia and for world peace.

Tuesday afternoon, April 20th, nearly 5000 persons took part in the public procession that escorted the image of Our Lady from the Cathedral to Sacred Heart Mexican Church—reciting the Rosary on the way. Bishop Ledvina again led his people in the services. That evening, for five solid hours, these humble Mexicans filed silently past the "Pilgrim Virgin," waiting patiently for the opportunity to touch their beads,



Knights of Columbus bear the "Pilgrim Virgin" on their shoulders as more than 5000 people march in procession, escorting the famous statue from Corpus Christi Cathedral to Sacred Heart Mexican Church on April 20. In the foreground with Rt. Rev. Msgr. William C. McGrath, who is touring the United States with the statue, is the Rt. Rev. John F. Basso, pastor of Corpus Christi Cathedral, also an alumnus of St. Meinrad.

prayer-books, or other religious articles to the feet of the "Beautiful Lady."

Immaculate Conception Church at Brownsville, Texas was packed beyond capacity for almost the entire day and a half visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin" there, with more than 12,000 of the faithful filling the church over and over again. Word had spread beyond the Mexican border of the arrival of the famous statue, and many hundreds from Matamoris and surrounding Mexican villages came to Brownsville to honor Our Lady. Watching these poor peasants as they brought their bouquets of flowers to be placed at the shrine of Our Lady, one sensed

their tremendous devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, whom they knew and loved so well under the title of Our Lady of Guadalupe. It seemed that these people who labored so hard to earn a living from the earth, were a lot closer to Almighty God through their simple faith, and their love and devotion to His Blessed Mother, than were all the sophisticated Catholics, philosophers, and learned scholars of the world.

Leaving Brownsville April 23, the pilgrimage party stopped at Rio Grande City for lunch. Arrangements had been made just the evening before. As a result, hardly any announcement could be made that the famous statue was to be in the city. However, by word of mouth the news spread like wildfire, and during the 2½ hour visit at Immaculate Conception Church there, more than 3000 people from the Rio Grande Valley—some from 30 miles away—took time out from their work to come and pay their respects to Our Lady of Fatima.

That evening Bishop Garriga welcomed the "Pilgrim Virgin" at St. Augustine Church, Laredo, Texas, also on the Mexican border. From Friday evening until Sunday evening more than 20,000 persons came to see the statue. It was here that the incredible happened. On a hot sunny Saturday, when most boys and girls would prefer to be outdoors playing and having a good time, the church was filled with more than 500 American children of all ages—most in their teens—who spent the greater part of the afternoon just singing hymns to Our Lady, and praying over and over again her Rosary. Those who know the American youth would call this a phenomenon, or a "first class miracle," but it actually took place on April 24, 1948, in these United States.

To climax the ceremonies at



The "Pilgrim Virgin" being carried into Immaculate Conception Church Brownsville, Texas, April 21. The manifestation of love and devotion to the Blessed Mother by the Mexican people here was magnificent.

Laredo, at least 8000 persons gathered for the farewell procession, singing hymns and praying the Rosary as the statue was carried through the streets.

SAN ANTONIO VISIT A HIGHLIGHT

Scenes reminiscent of Covington, Kentucky, took place at San Antonio, Texas, when nearly 40,000 persons thronged the National Shrine of the Little Flower during the three and a half day visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin" there. Five times a day this church, one of the most beautiful in the United States, was filled to overflowing, and there was a steady stream of visitors during the other hours; all coming to hear the message of Fatima, and to pray for peace in the world. But numbers alone can never begin to tell of the wonderful demonstrations of love and devotion to the Blessed Mother of God that were repeated over and over again in this famous Carmelite Shrine, conducted by her favored sons.

At the opening services on April 26, a most impressive candle-light

procession was held, with the participants forming in various groups in front of the church, because the crowd was too large to be accommodated inside. The "Pilgrim Virgin" was crowned on the steps in front of the church by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Patrick Geehan, Vicar-General and special representative of the Archbishop, and the Marian Hour was conducted outdoors through the use of loudspeakers.

On the final day of the visit, Archbishop Robert E. Lucey presided at Pontifical High Mass which was celebrated by Very Rev. Leo Deschatelets, O.M.I., recently elected Superior General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, (Oblate Fathers). Bishop Garriga of Corpus Christi, together with some 125 priests—over 100 of them Oblate Fathers from all parts of the Southwestern United States—attended this special ceremony. It was but one of many excellent services held at the Shrine in honor of Our Lady of Fatima.

Since the Little Flower Shrine was the only church to be visited



The "Pilgrim Virgin" enthroned at the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and the Little Flower, San Antonio, Texas. More than 40,000 persons attended services honoring Our Lady of Fatima during the visit of the statue there.

in the Archdiocese of San Antonio, many people from neighboring and distant towns made special trips there to see the famous statue. Entire families, or parties from various parishes and towns came by bus, car, or trucks equipped with improvised benches. They spent most of the day in church praying, pausing only to rest on the lawn and to eat their lunches which they had brought with them.

The National Shrine is famous in its own right, being host to many thousands of visitors each week. But according to the Very Rev. Bartholomew Soler, O.C.D., pastor, the beautiful church had never seen anything like the tremendous crowds

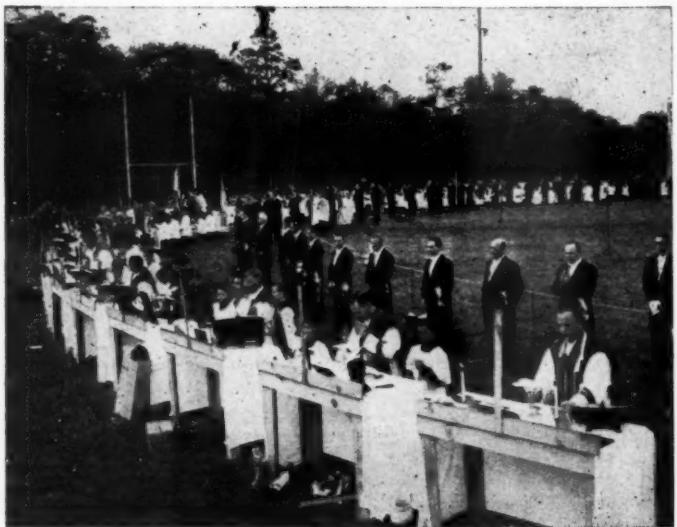
which filled it during the visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin."

"MARY'S DAY" A GREAT TRIUMPH

Undoubtedly, the greatest single demonstration honoring the "Pilgrim Virgin" took place at Houston, Texas, on May 1st—"Mary's Day." As early as 4:00 A.M. all roads led to St. Thomas High School Stadium, where at 6:00 A.M. Bishop Wendelin J. Nold, Coadjutor of Galveston, together with 52 priests, were to offer Mass simultaneously in honor of Our Lady of Fatima—for the conversion of Russia, and world peace. Headlights breaking the darkness showed a steady stream of humanity—travelling by bus, car, and on foot—converging on the stadium. Long before the sun was in the sky all available seats were occupied, and the overflow crowd gathered in roped-off areas of the field.

Mr. Sigman Byrd, a convert to the Catholic Faith, and a reporter for one of Houston's newspapers, describes best the remarkable events that took place that morning. His account follows:

"May, the month of the Blessed Virgin, dawned most solemnly in Houston, today. Sunrise found some 15,000 Catholics kneeling at the feet of the 'Pilgrim Virgin' of Fatima in the St. Thomas High School Stadium, where the holy sacrifice of the



A view of some of the 52 priests who celebrated Mass simultaneously with Bishop Wendelin J. Nold at St. Thomas High School Stadium in the great "Mary's Day" demonstration at Houston, Texas, Saturday, May 1.

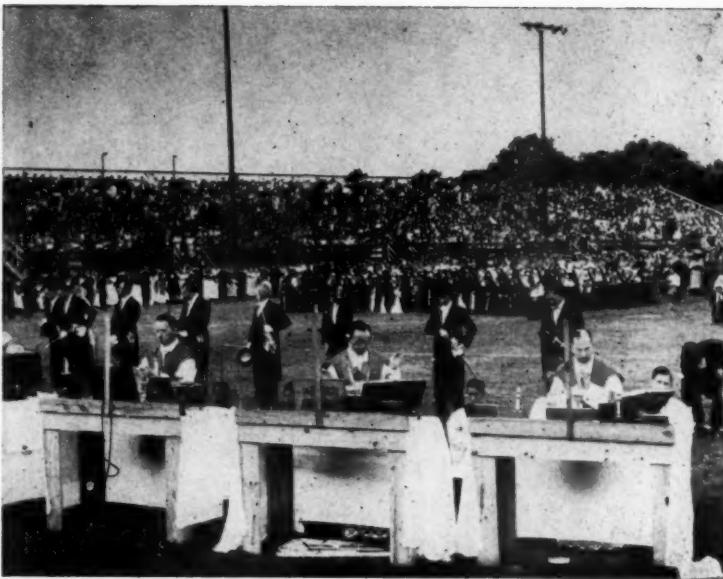
Mass was offered simultaneously at 53 altars—one for each Hail Mary of the Rosary. The historic field Mass, unique in the annals of the Church in America, was made significant from a secular standpoint by its celebration on Mayday. For May 1 is observed by Communists as the anniversary of their revolution in Russia. So, today, when tanks rumbled through Moscow's Red Square, and Communists demonstrated elsewhere throughout the world, Houston Catholics offered public reparation for the sacrileges of Soviet soldiers in Europe and Asia, and petitioned Heaven for the conversion of Russia and peace.

"And thus on the first Saturday of May were recalled the promises of Our Lady of Fatima to three shepherd children who were instructed to promote the devotion of the Five First Saturdays.

"At 5:45, just before the sun climbed through the tall trees east of the field, Rev. J. D. Connolly began leading the Rosary. From pockets and purses came strings of beads as the crowd took up the chorus of prayer. A procession of Alhambra members, Knights of Columbus and Holy Name men marched into the field, the white golden-crowned statue of the Blessed Virgin borne high in their ranks. The image was placed on the central altar and the Mass began.

"It was fitting indeed that on this day, when the Church is being persecuted by the Reds in so many parts of the world, and thousands of new martyrs are being crowned under the red sickle each day, that the vestments for the Mass were brilliant red—commemorating the feast of Sts. Philip and James, martyrs.

"Trumpets were sounded briefly at the moments Bishop Nold raised the Host and Chalice, as thousands knelt in the grass of the gridiron and in the stands. Led by some 500 nuns from various commun-



Part of the 15,000 people who attended the Mary's Day Mass in Houston, Texas. More than 500 nuns from various communities attended.

ties, 7000 came to the altars, careless of nylons and creases, to receive Holy Communion—accepting the peace for which they had prayed. With clasped hands they came in seemingly endless files towards the altars which spread from the shadows of the goal-posts into a great arc around one end of the field.

"All of the priests celebrating the Mass were from the Galveston Diocese. Each brought his own vestments and altar supplies. Many who were from distant towns had started traveling at 3:00 in the morning to arrive in time for the services.

After the Mass, Rt. Rev. Msgr. William C. McGrath, P.A., of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, Toronto, Canada, who has been traveling with the "Pilgrim Virgin" from the beginning of its tour last October, addressed the great crowd. He likened the demonstration to "a miniature Fatima" (where at the special Anniversary Masses 90 priests have had to spend 10 hours and more distributing Holy Communion). Referring

to the promise made by Our Lady of Fatima that if her requests were heard, Russia would be converted and there would be world peace, Monsignor McGrath told those assembled: 'You have made a great sacrifice in coming here early this morning to dedicate this day to Mary, and to pray for the conversion of Russia and peace. You have come here because you have hope—and you have hope because you are willing to accept the Mother of God at her word.'

"The procession formed again to escort the Fatima statue back to St. Thomas chapel. The priests followed, and the crowd drifted slowly off the field in the dazzling sunlight. A dozen or more rode in wheelchairs. There was almost no sound of voices. It was as if a church and not a football field were being emptied.

"But just before a gloved priest and four Alhambra men lifted the statue from its place on the altar, a woman ran up from behind the goal-posts with a Rosary in her hands. 'Wait,' she called. 'Please



The Communion rail knows no "color line" as black and white receive Our Lord at Mary's Day rally, Houston, Texas, May 1. This scene is in St. Thomas High School Stadium.

wait! I only want to touch my beads to her feet." The Alhambra men (whose organization under the direction of Mr. J. J. Bellew had sponsored the marvelous demonstration) waited, holding the glistening white figure carefully. The woman pressed her beads to the feet, then blessed herself with crucifix and hurried away, her eyes bright with happy tears."

NUNS SPEND LIVES MAKING REPARATION

Sunday, May 2, the "Pilgrim Virgin" made a special visit to the Convent of the Infant Jesus at Lufkin, Texas, housing a group of Second Order Dominican Sisters. These nuns, through their rigorous fasts, (black fast seven months of the year), mortifications and other sacrifices, spend most of their lives making reparation to Almighty God for the countless outrages, sacrileges, desecrations, abominations, blasphemies, ingratiitudes and impurities committed against Him—especially for those sins for which no atonement has been made. For these sisters the visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin" was like a little "touch of Heaven."

ROSARY IN FOUR LANGUAGES

Concluding its long and eventful stay in the Galveston Diocese, the "Pilgrim Virgin" paid a two and a half day visit to St. Mary's Church, at Port Arthur, Texas. From the opening procession the

evening of May 3, nearly 22,000 people came to the church to view the famed image, and to pray for peace. About 5000 took part in the welcoming ceremonies, most of them sitting in the school yard, or standing around the church to hear the message of Fatima over loudspeakers. The crowd was so large, and the response to Our Lady's appeal so great that one of the priests found it necessary to hear confessions out on the sidewalk, and on the steps of the church.

Highlight of the services there was the Pontifical Mass celebrated by Bishop C. E. Byrne, and attended by some 35 priests from surrounding towns, together with 2000 Catholics.



Four members of the Alhambra shown carrying the "Pilgrim Virgin" into St. Thomas Stadium for the Mary's Day celebration. The wonderful demonstration was sponsored by San Jacinto Caravan No. 61, Order of Alhambra, of which Mr. J. J. Bellew is Grand Commander.

While at Port Arthur, the Rosary was recited publicly in four different languages—French, English, Spanish, and Italian—for the benefit of the various groups attending the services. At the closing ceremony, the children of the school formed a living Rosary in the darkened church. As each bead was said, one of the children lighted a candle—one for each mystery, and one for each Hail Mary.

That there have been lasting spiritual results from the visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin" can be seen from the reports of great crowds attending First Saturday devotions which have been started in many churches where the statue has been. As one priest in a Southern Louisiana city expressed it: "We are going to have to hear Confessions on Friday afternoons before the First Saturdays to take care of all those wanting to receive Holy Communion." At another place the church has been so jammed for these devotions that it has been impossible to provide sufficient room for all those wanting to attend. In both places more than two months have elapsed since the visit of the statue.

Probably one of the greatest fruits of the pilgrimage is the interest and respect of non-Catholics. At Lake Charles, Louisiana, one priest has 10 converts taking instructions—all directly attributed to the visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin" there last March.

Although there have been some ministers who have attacked the pilgrimage, accusing the Catholics of adoring statues and worshiping idols, the vast majority of Protestants everywhere have shown nothing but the greatest respect and curiosity for the pilgrimage and the message of Fatima. Everywhere they have joined with Catholics in venerating the statue. At Houston, many asked the pastor if it were permissible for them to touch the beautiful image. Though they failed to genuflect as they passed the Blessed Sacrament, in great numbers they came to hear the sermons, and afterwards to

touch their religious articles, or their hand to the feet, as they offered a prayer in front of this little wooden statue which is causing such great excitement throughout the United States.

At one hospital, a Jewish doctor, who was everything but what he should be, stood in silent prayer and respect for several minutes in front of the statue. As he later explained to the sisters, "It just does something to you." A Mason who had also paused for the same purpose, voluntarily expressed himself, "I felt chills up my spine, and goose pimples all over."

In another hospital, one of the nurses had a souvenir leaflet, given away wherever the "Pilgrim Virgin" visits. Crowded around her were eight non-Catholic patients, all asking her to explain the story of Fatima. In other hospitals and places where leaflets have been left for the public to take—such as the postoffice at Port Arthur—they have been "grabbed up" in no time at all. People who have stood by to watch, report that most of those taking the leaflets have been non-Catholics.

Probably the most priceless example is the incident that occurred at Port Arthur, Texas. When the announcement of the statue's arrival appeared in the local newspapers, a Baptist minister told his congregation: "The Catholics are bringing in a statue. They do not adore idols or statues. They really have something worthwhile, and I would suggest that as many of you as possible attend the procession and services to learn what this is all about—this story of Fatima." Many did attend, and as the pilgrimage left a few days later, one of the Baptists had already applied for instructions in the Catholic Faith.

QUESTIONS MOST ASKED

Many questions are asked about the pilgrimage and the statue, the following three being most common:

1—"What does the little gold ball at the waist of the statue signify?"

The ball signifies the "great light" which Sister Lucy has said appeared at Our Lady's waist. Our Lady did not explain what it meant. Many say it means the world—the atom bomb—the Immaculate Heart of Mary. No one knows for sure.

2—"How does the crown stay on the head of the statue?"

That would be revealing a professional secret.

3—"Have there been any miracles during the course of the pilgrimage?"

Monsignor McGrath gave the best answer to this question when he said recently: "There have been reports of physical cures, but frankly, we do not bother to check up on them, for we feel such miracles will only attract the sensation-seekers, and those with favors to ask. There have been countless thousands of 'miracles of grace' which are of far greater value. We feel that with the present grave situation in the world today, Our Lady is looking for people who will give her something by fulfilling her requests. She is not looking for those who come seeking favors."

Yes, Our Lady through the "Pilgrim Virgin" is literally searching for people who will cooperate with her in bringing peace to the world. It was exactly 31 years ago this month, on July 13, 1917, that the Mother of God appeared in her third apparition at Fatima, Portugal, and gave to the world through three little shepherd children this message:

"If my requests are heard, Russia will be converted and there will be peace."

"If not, then precisely in the next pontificate, a new and more terrible war will begin; whole nations will be destroyed; the faithful will become martyrs; the Holy Father will have much to suffer; and atheist Russia will spread its errors throughout the world, promoting wars and persecutions of the Church."



Between the Lines...

H. C. McGinnis

STEPS GOING DOWN

THE great American nation is treading the steps which go down. They are the same steps trod by Babylon, ancient Greece, pagan Rome, and the many other great nations of history which have succumbed to internal weaknesses. Each in its turn tumbled into the humiliating depths of oblivion. There is historical evidence that the people of these unfortunate nations arrogantly believed that such a disaster could not possibly befall them. History shows how totally wrong they were. They failed to realize that there exists a law of compensation and retribution which is unequivocally administered by society's Creator. Try as one may, one cannot wish this law out of existence. Yet too many of today's Americans are guilty of very wishful thinking along this line.

However, many thoughtful Americans are truly concerned about their country's present and future. They view with proper alarm the amorality existing in our political and economic pattern. They are deeply con-

cerned about the growing threat of juvenile delinquency, about the increasing breakdown of the American home pattern through divorce and desertion, and by the many other evidences of social disintegration which press heavily upon our nation like the black clouds which precede the hurricane. They regard these evils as causes; but, actually, they are secondary causes at best. A proper analysis of the situation shows that there is a cause which is causing them. The basic cause is Secularism.

The history of Secularism's current attack upon society is not difficult to trace. It assumed the proportion of a definite movement during the Renaissance. From the very first it seemed to have been endowed with a devilish cunning and sagacity. With a penetrating foresight which is unfortunately all too rarely used by its victims in defending themselves, Secularism moved upon the Church in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. An excellent sense of strategy told its leaders thatulti-

mate success required that the first major attack be made upon the Church as the bulwark of spirituality and morality in the human order. On this front Secularism did not make a direct attack upon God. Rather it sought to introduce a new, and allegedly superior, concept of God. In effect, its objective was to introduce and popularize Deism. Deism, the philosophy of an impersonal, absentee God, was properly held mandatory if Secularism's Materialism were to succeed. Secularism's further objectives required that society's organic structure, the exemplification of the doctrine of the Mystical Body or of The Vine and the Branches in the temporal order, be supplanted by Individualism. Hence, in the operations on this front, Secularism drew a red herring across the trail of its intended victims by pretending to promote a more tenable and modern concept of God than that which had been influenced perhaps by the Dark Ages. Feinting skillfully to screen the objective of its main attacks, it began

its assault upon the organic nature of the human family. This strategy was but an earlier adaptation of what we today call the "divide and conquer" maneuver.

This vicious plague next advanced into the field of political order, where it labored diligently and successfully to establish a new concept of civil society. Taking advantage of man's arrogance, conceit, and frequent lack of humility, it purported to reveal the proper concept of human liberty. With the ultimate purpose of making modern man feel as independent of God as possible, it advanced the theory that all public authority originates in the people, who then delegate this authority to the officials of the government they set up. Thus established, the public authority is then subject to the general will. Secularism's philosophers of this period usually ignored totally any law external to man in outlining the nature of this general will. As one can see easily, such a concept of public authority makes a nation's government subject to the whims and lusts of the people and not subject to the requirements of the moral order. The idea that civil authority has been established by the Creator as a part of the natural order was hooted and scorned by the promoters of Secularism.

Since the Industrial Age had embarked upon a period of rapid expansion and was gaining an astounding importance in a miraculously short time, Secularism next turned its attention to this field. Here it introduced a theory, highly acceptable to greedy and avaricious persons who sought to enrich themselves enormously through the industrial development of the age, that the individual has a personal freedom of action in his industrial and commercial enterprises which frees him from any obligation to the community good. Hence the business man should face little or no restraint from the public authority which, although instituted to guard the public welfare, was alleged to have no jurisdiction in the field of man's economic activity. This policy we now recognize as the *laissez-faire*

policy, which meant that government should maintain a hands-off policy towards business. As a result, Monopolism and economic Imperialism grew like bad weeds. Today's common man needs no enlightenment concerning the vicious evils spawned and practiced by the Monopolistic Capitalism which was the natural outgrowth of the secularistic activities in the economic life of the community. Secularism soon succeeded in largely destroying society's organic structure in the business world. The human family now began to resemble so many wolves, with each wolf a lone wolf operating independently without any concern about the welfare of his fellows.

With these invasions tucked under its belt and with both showing a highly gratifying degree of success, Secularism next invaded the field of human relations. Here its individualistic doctrines caused an exaggerated spirit of nationalism which has been the cause of most major wars in the past century or so. Its operations among the nations as such are frequently dubbed political imperialism. Here again we witness a disintegration of society's

organic pattern as the many nations composing the human family split up into highly individualistic entities. But Secularism was not satisfied with limiting its activities to the national field. To assure its continuing existence, it directed new attacks against individuals. Its successes in this field can be seen by viewing the large number of people who are unchurched despite the fact that their ancestors adhered to a highly religious pattern of life. Its success in opposing Individualism to the natural organic nature of society's structure can be further seen in the rapidly increasing disintegration of the marriage and home pattern. The individualistic person feels no obligation to his marital mate or to his children. The children in turn feel little obligation to respect and obey their parents. Many modern families—which can scarcely be called true families—have almost entirely lost sight of the relationship and importance of a community's family to the community structure as a whole. In their individual activities, individualists owe no obligation to the welfare of the communities of which they are parts and



"I hope Higgins realizes that he isn't fooling anyone with that thing!"

hence cease to be law abiding persons, surrendering rather to their own inclinations and lusts.

In other words, society's organic structure, from its greater and larger units on down to its smaller units, such as the family, is exploding from a family-like whole into so many highly individualistic atoms. The human family structure of the earth's people is being rapidly added to the age of mythology. Hence, divorce and desertion of families, together with juvenile delinquency and general lawlessness, while contributing enormously to still further evils in society, are not in themselves basic causes, but rather subsidiary causes. The basic cause is increasingly successful attacks of Secularism upon the unity of the human race and the philosophy which is necessary to maintain that unity as a family under the common fatherhood of God the Creator. Conversely with the increase of this secularistic individualism comes the corresponding decrease in the human love and charity which God demands of His earthly children. While perhaps we who subscribe to society's moral order have been slow in per-

ceiving this, the Secularists perceived it as early as four centuries ago when they began their attack upon the Church with its doctrine of the unity of the human family.

Hence, it appears rather logical that resistances set up to the many modern evils of society, while highly desirable in themselves, should perhaps be classified as advance or stop-gap resistances. While they may alleviate the situation somewhat, they are not in themselves basic and permanent cures. The basic resistance called for is a return to the spiritual and moral concept of life. Such a return is the only mortal blow which can be dealt to Secularism. We cannot expect our nation to abandon Secularism so long as more than one-half of our population is unchurched. Of those who are classified as churched, a great many are obviously merely "on the rolls." To many of such, Christianity appears to be little more than a glorified humanitarianism. A survey of today's immoralities in the many fields of everyday living proves conclusively that we live in an age that has tossed morality on to the scrap pile. Morality will not return as

society's guiding norm until we have rebuilt the spiritual structure of the individuals who compose that society. For some reason or other, today's people seem to have mostly forgotten the fact that there exists an eternal conflict between the forces of good and evil. Too many seem inclined to believe that somehow this conflict has worn itself out. On the contrary, it is just as much a two-fisted reality today as it ever was.

Secularism's materialistic concept of life has gained a predominance which has steadily become more evident each year of the past century. It is an ironic but true fact that our nation's steady descent upon the steps leading down to national decay and perhaps national oblivion run almost parallel to another set of steps which lead up. This latter step is the constantly improved economic condition of the nation. One should expect that improving economic condition would lessen the evils of society by reducing the many temptations which lead to them; but the very reverse is true. As we become economically better off we become increasingly lawless and immoral. Using the current crime rate as an indicator of this lawlessness, we see that the next generation will see more Americans murdered than the number who lost their lives from enemy gunfire in World War II. In other words, our material improvements are leading us to Materialism and ever farther away from morality. The religious concept of life and of society would prevent this, but it is plainly evident that we are following the Secularistic pattern.

We Americans are a patriotic people. We love our country. We do not want to see our beloved nation follow the destructive footsteps trod by Babylon, ancient Greece, and pagan Rome. To prevent this impending descent into humiliation and degradation, we can turn to only one salvation: the re-establishment of the spiritual concept of the civil order. We must bring our people back to God. To recruit for God is to guarantee that our nation will continue its proud destiny.



"I figure we're too near the same height
and weight for either of us to be to blame"

THOSE TERRIBLE TEENS

Vincent McCorry, S.J.

Those Terrible Teens, running serially in *The Grail* by special arrangement with the author and publisher, may be bought in book form from The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana. The price is \$2.25. This book is a sympathetic and frank appeal to girls to retain the beauty of their pure souls. No more appropriate gift could be found for any girl from six to sixty. Introduce it to the Pastor, to the Sisters, to parents, to all girls. They will be grateful to you. The author is Father Vincent McCorry, S.J.

Editor's Note: Most girls will welcome the priceless hints given to them in this series of articles. Some may take exception to a few of the remarks. Whether you agree or disagree with the writer you are invited to send in your comment on the articles that all readers may have the benefit of them. Send your remarks to "Those Terrible Teens," The Grail, St. Meinrad, Indiana. Thank you.

WHAT COLOR ARE YOUR EYES?

IT IS HIGHLY ARTIFICIAL AND COMPLETELY erroneous to pretend that certain vices are the exclusive property of what used to be called the weaker sex. The only safe comparative statement that can be made along such lines is to say that toward particular moral aberrations one sex seems more strongly inclined than the other. A man, under severe pressure, will have recourse to physical violence, where a woman, in order to grow physically violent, would almost have to do violence to herself. Similarly, the normal man would appear to respond much more swiftly than a normal woman to the subtle song of sensuality. In that loose comparative sense, then, it may be said that women are more susceptible to envy than men.

There are a number of fascinating reasons why women, by the whole bent of their nature, should be the more envious sex, but only one of such reasons need delay us now. Women are far more observant than men. Nothing about other people escapes a woman's eye, exactly as nothing about himself escapes a man's eye. To a man, nothing in the world is so engrossing as himself. To a woman, nothing in the world is so engrossing—at least in a certain



sense—as the lady next door. The result is that while a man may be intently watching himself, his own gifts and his own achievements, and gently applauding at the proper moments, his wife may be just as intently observing the gifts and achievements of the couple across the street, and not applauding at all. She may be only wondering disconsolately why she and this tranquil character she married can't do half as well as those people over there. To put a plain matter plainly, where a man is vain, a woman is envious.

This close feminine observation of other women is distinctly noticeable among high-school girls. In any class of high-school boys, it is doubtful if any boy could provide three facts about the family background of any other boy in the class. Few know what the other fellow's father does for a living, and no one cares. True, boys certainly notice the companion who has a wad of spending money; yet their interest lies not at all in where the money comes from, but in how they can borrow some of it. A high-school girl, however, could give a fairly complete case-history for every girl in her class. She knows that Mary Ann's father makes ten thousand a year, but doesn't believe it—"Look at the things she wears!" She knows that Patricia's mother has to work to support her children and that Susan's older brother—"He's wild, but so good-looking!"

has just been dismissed by the authorities of his third college with considerable relief on the part of all concerned. A girl cares about all such facts and half-facts; she remembers them, repeats them and busily compares them with the "dull," inferior facts of her own existence. The normal boy only half listens to items of this sort, and promptly forgets them. It is easy to see, then, why envy is a problem far more feminine than masculine.

It may be helpful to state clearly and baldly what envy is. Envy is a tendency to be sad because of another's gifts, possessions or achievements. To be envious means to be miserable because someone else has something which you have not.

Envy will not stand up under the slightest rational scrutiny. It is a deranged vice, for it rests entirely on the assumption, manifestly open to doubt, that I am the most important person in the universe, and that no one, consequently, has any right to any gift whatsoever, unless that gift be also and previously mine. At once the dullest intellect perceives that such a supposition is monstrous; and so it follows that envy, too, is monstrous and preposterous.

A brief digression may not be out of place at this point. Observe, fair reader—to revive a gracious old phrase for gracious young people—how a vice cannot withstand any reasonable examination. One reason why even good people do not cure themselves of their faults is because they do not really look at their faults. To every Christian, and most emphatically to every young Catholic boy and girl, may be recommended for performance with peculiar intensity that admirable exercise called the examination of conscience. We either do not recognize our faults or do not recognize them for the mean, unworthy defects they are, because we steadily refuse to look them full in their unlovely faces. The Greeks had two words for it. They said: "Know thyself."

But to resume. The insanity of envy can take a number of forms. It can envy anything and detest anyone for having anything. Its silliest and perhaps commonest form is to envy others for their money. All history, all experience and all common sense fairly scream that there is almost no connection between the possession of money and the possession of happiness, but our foolish hearts go right on pining for an endless supply of loose change which isn't change at all and with which we can afford to be very loose. High-school girls have little money to spend, which is as it should be. But the number and variety of shoes, garments, hats and daffy accessories which this mercenary world has taught a girl to "need" is so enormous that she easily falls into a green and yellow melancholy over the young lady whose father is disgustingly wealthy and unbelievably liberal. It is not difficult for a girl of sparse wardrobe and no spending money to regard with increasing bitterness the well-dressed and well-pursed daughters of the wealthy.

The three gifts which young girls most commonly

envy in others are beauty, brains and what people call "personality."

Deep and complicated is the relationship which exists between the girl who is beautiful and the girl who most definitely is not. We are here concerned only with the feelings of the plain girl for the handsome girl. It is impossible that the plain miss should not feel a pang as she is repeatedly dazzled by the splendor which she sees all about her, but which she never sees in front of her, in her own mirror. It takes a good deal of character in such a physically inconspicuous maiden to maintain through her school days and through life the original and natural color of her eyes, especially since the original and natural color of her eyes does not seem worth maintaining. The unattractive one must vividly impress upon her young mind a tremendous conviction: that while it may be painful to be plain, it is red, burning anguish to be plain and envious. Plain Jane should pluck up heart and put a flower in her waveless hair; God is just as well as good, and Jane will very likely live to be the envy of beautiful Barbara and lovely Lu.

If young maids envy brains in others, they do so in a most immediate and purely utilitarian fashion. It may be doubted that the majority of women are profoundly impressed by profound intelligence. The dull girl envies the bright girl almost solely because the latter's scholastic career seems free from both the head-splitting labors and the steadily recurring tribulations which mark the academic career, if you can call it that, of the girl who is less brainy. Nevertheless, there is abundant provocation here for surprisingly bitter jealousy. The brilliant girl is not infrequently a target for well-directed slings and arrows, and the missiles fly on the wings of envy. Perhaps it is necessary to say a harsh-sounding thing: none can be as insanely and cruelly jealous as the very brilliant and the very stupid.

The last form of this young feminine weakness is envy of that elusive quality or set of qualities which we feebly call "personality." There is little use in attempting to disentangle the various gifts of will, intellect, imagination, address and body which, together, produce a woman of irresistible charm. The only important fact is that some girls possess this complexity of gifts to a high degree, and others seem to possess it scarcely at all. It is this mysterious attribute of personal appeal which represents, very likely, the sorest point of envy among women. The fact is understandable, for, next to the personal integrity of virtue in the complete sense, here is woman's highest gift. For this reason men marry girls who are less beautiful: because to these girls, if they possess charm, men are more powerfully attracted than to girls who are more attractive.

There is just one useful remark to make to the girl who is molting with envy of maidens with "personality." For heaven's sake—and for your own—stop wailing. That will be your first step in the

direction of charm. Then get yourself a smart woman counsellor who likes you, and take her advice. Note of surprise: to this end, get yourself a young nun-friend.

Observing and admiring the gifts of God to others can have the effect of making a good girl better, because it will make her humbler, and therefore happier. An opposite trick—observing and envying the gifts of God to others—will almost

certainly have three distinct and very terrible results: (1) Self-pity—a nauseating and stupid thing; (2) Persecution, perhaps petty and subtle, of the envied ones—a cruel and unchristian thing; (3) Deep personal unhappiness—a most unhappy thing.

Catholic girls, why not try this? When you think of it, thank God resolutely for the gifts He has given to others. And always say a quick Hail Mary for the girl you begin to envy.

LITTLE MISS SNOB

A FAIRLY WIDESPREAD IMPRESSION EXISTS TO the effect that the major problem and leading temptation of young men and young women today is the business of moral purity. Unquestionably, a rather convincing case might be made out in defense of such an impression. Nevertheless, the possibility remains that such a theory **might** be wrong. Let us consider the notion.

It is just possible that the major temptation of Catholic young women—major in the sense of being most nearly universal, most successful and most destructive in the long run—is not impurity at all, but impurity's opposite number in the catalogue of vices: pride. The fact that pride is far more subtle than impurity, and hence much more readily overlooked and cultivated, would certainly seem to favor our proposition. There was a time when, apparently, it either suited Satan to be much noticed and mortally feared or when he couldn't help being noticed and feared. In our day, however, the devil has successfully gone underground. He is content that people should disbelieve in him. If he were capable of joy he would be overjoyed that pride should quietly escape notice, or that, in certain Catholic circles, it should calmly be taken for a virtue. The lady who announced that she didn't care who became president of the parish Holy Name Society, provided he was a **gentleman**, did not perceive the inner significance of her remark. But Father did. So, surely, did the father of all pride.

The blunt question is this: How many Catholic girls are snobs?

The reasons or ground for snobbery are nearly identical with the reasons for jealousy. Snobbery is envy in reverse.

Much more common than the plain girl's envy is the pretty girl's pride. Upon occasion, very attractive girls are nothing less than brutal toward their less handsome companions. A pretty girl will maliciously charm a boy away from an inconspicuous girl, either because she wants the boy for the evening, or even simply to show that she can do it. With cold-blooded calculation an attractive miss will hog the spotlight or dominate an occasion or dominate an occasion or catch an eye or monopolize all the boys at a party. (This last, though, is ill-advised. Beautiful will be sorry if she tries it.) She will speak

slightly of plain girls and ridicule them. She may even indulge the ultimate pride of rejecting the plain girl's admiration. All of this may be called the snobbery of beauty. Is it unknown among Catholic girls?

A young woman need not be the daughter of a tycoon in order to cultivate the snobbery of money. Oddly enough, the wealthiest Catholic girls seem comparatively free from this ridiculous pride. It is the middle-class girl who has enjoyed a few advantages out of the ordinary who is most easily trapped into such painful foolishness. If doting parents provide young daughter with more clothes than she needs, she will proceed to look down on the poor man's daughter who cannot afford any but purely utilitarian raiment. If milady has been taken to three moderately expensive restaurants we soon hear that she would die if she were to enter an Automat. Having tasted filet mignon, she shudders at a pedestrian hot-dog. The whole idiotic performance would be uproariously funny were it not so transparently brainless. No snobbery is more ridiculous and irritating than the snobbery based on an extra dress in the closet and an extra dollar in the purse.

There is no inclination to laugh or even to smile when we come to the snobbery of the mind. This particular matter is difficult to express. The pride in question is not really a pride of intellect, because in these cases the intellect is frequently of an inferior order. It is not a pride of education in any true sense of that last word. We had better call this the snobbery of a little knowledge.

If any sort of education did not improve its clients so as to make them distinguishable from those who have not had such training, then that education would be a howling failure. A good education should produce a proportionate difference in those who enjoy it. Speaking generally, Catholic education is looked upon as education of a not inferior sort. Therefore, girls who have been so trained should unquestionably show the results of that training. But how and where does pride creep into this whole business? We may recall a saying of the matchless Chesterton which should be graven on the mind of every Catholic girl. It runs somewhat like this: "There is a Catholic way of learning everything, even the alphabet. You learn it in such a way as not to look

down on those who never learned it." How is it with our Catholic girls on this matter of intellectual snobbery?

The last pride we will mention is one which is daily becoming more critical and explosive as our contemporary world writhes and shifts and struggles toward something like a true social justice. This pride is pride in a skin; but it is very far from being only skin-deep. It is the pride of being white. Nothing but a flat statement will serve at this juncture. Too many Catholic girls are stuffed and bursting with the snobbery of color. Perhaps that is understandable. Anyhow, it is true.

Three remarks may be made with regard to the snobbery of epidermic pigmentation. (That ought to kill it.)

First: Pride of color is utterly irrational; that is, it cannot be defended on any reasonable grounds. If you abhor a Negro because he is black, why don't you abominate a Filipino because he is brown? Or the daughters of China because their skin is golden? Is it not passing strange that the same academy which admits the lovely Filipina, the Chinese maiden or the tawny daughter of South America should exclude the Negro girl? From the point of view of pure reason, the procedure does seem a little odd.

Second: Pride of color is outmoded, obsolete. If it be true—as some say—that Catholic girls are lagging behind and wallowing in a lily-white exclusiveness, while every decent, enlightened group in our country surges steadily forward toward social liberality and justice, then in the world of the next generation we may expect Holy Mother Church to

be the object of many a slur and insult and downright social attack. And in that case—always supposing some truth in the allegation—you Catholics of the future will be getting just what you asked for and nothing less than you have deserved.

Third: Pride of color is unchristian. There need be no discussion on this point. Read the parable of the Good Samaritan, and try to understand it.

Count the snobberies and count the Catholic girls: There are more girls than snobberies, indeed. Yet one has the awful, sinking feeling that there are quite enough snobberies to go around.

Perhaps the most discouraging aspect of snobbery among Catholic young women is also the most shocking: the girls are frequently encouraged in their stupid pride by their responsible elders. After a talk along these lines in a Catholic academy, the phone will ring for days as snobbish parents furiously demand to know whether Negro girls will be admitted in the future. We may well wonder what the poor and humble Christ, Christ the carpenter, Christ the Jew, Christ of the strange, foreign land, must think of the whole heart-breaking farce. Jesus was a radical, if you like the word. But He was no snob.

If a man had to choose one idea or one virtue as the fundamental idea in the whole Christian scheme, he would not be far wrong if he selected the ideal of humility.

There is a short prayer along these lines which we frequently address to the Heart of Jesus: "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make our hearts like unto thine."

It's a nice prayer. It would be nice if we meant it.

MARY, THE PERENNIAL FAVORITE

Mary Ellen Kelly

WHEN Christian Dior upset the applecart of fashion with his introduction of the "New Look," the distaff corps went scurrying for styles that would obey the new ukase. For a time some resolute souls seemed adamant in their rejection of the lowered hemline, pinched-in waists, and sloping shoulders. "We're not having any," they chorused in daring defiance. But before long the massed chorus singing in unison shrank to a whisper. To be "different" was one thing; to be "conspicuous" was something else again. Save for a few die-hards they all gave in.

These inconsistencies in dress were a part of the passing scene long before Cleopatra chose robes that would catch Marc Antony's roving eye. Down through the centuries the old story was repeated, the ever-changing styles spurring sales upward and allowing dress manufacturers to bask in the glow of neon glory. Amid all these changes of the

ages, there is one who has never wavered in her incomparable universality. She has been the Woman of the Year, not once, not twice merely, but ever since her loving arms clasped her Son to her breast.

In recent years, a few sculptors have tried to introduce a "streamlined Madonna," but their changes were but passing. Mary is greater than any momentary hues or lines or styles of art. She is beautiful even to one without sight—beautiful likewise to slant-eyes, to eyes that look up adoringly from brown-skinned faces, to all cultures and to all ages.

In her quiet, though glorious reign, Mary has not been unmindful of the problems and trials that beset each era. Unlike other queens, her interest in her subject is neither patronizing nor indifferent. She waits quietly, this unchanging one, eager to help us attain the joys of her Son's kingdom.

An Old Gentleman Stays Young

Peter Ibbet

THE ONLY MEMBERS of our family to survive the ordinary hazards of human kind, the stresses of two world wars and as many economic confusions, are Grandfather and I. For more than a generation my ancestor taught at St. John's University, wrote for the Catholic and the secular press and lectured hither and thither over the length and breadth of the northern United States. Two years ago the U. S. Treasury Department tried to recall Grandfather to the active front as adviser to the bond drive for Catholic schools. His spirit was willing but his flesh, because of declining vision, was weak. At present he lives in semi-retirement in his old home and I live with him. At thirty I have not acquired a family of my own. Eighteen months on the African and Italian fronts and a couple of gunshot wounds have put me on the "quiet" list. Grandfather and I have re-established our comradeship and understanding where the war interrupted them though, I confess, our talks and tempers have sharpened with the times.

Grandfather and I have a "Round Table." From time to time a guest helps us stir the intellectual fires. One of our neighbors, let me call him Henry Morton, is a regular at our briar and Java sessions. Last Wednesday evening he dropped in about seven and almost before we realized it he was battling with Grandfather about "American ideals" or the lack of them. Morton follows literature as a hobby. He writes but does not publish. Some of his material is worthy of editors' attention but presumption is not one of his faults, so his manuscripts remain in typewritten form. Grandfather is not particularly pleased with Morton's cynical view of the modern world, but he likes alertness; hence Morton often finds a place with us.

Tobacco, apples, coffee, and comments on men and their activities stirred pleasure and interest for the three of us. For a moment the intellectual fire died down because we smoked and munched and were contented animals. But not for long, since Grandfather would not let a guest cool off if he could help it. Grandfather prodded the fire for sparks.

"Morton, you brought a book with you. What's in it? Something good, I hope."

Morton was a bit ashamed of his forgetfulness. "Oh, yes. It's a discussion of 'Current Literary

Trends.' I marked a passage to ask you what you thought about it. Here it is.

'The United States cannot lay claim to any type of literature all its own. Youth must wait on accomplishment and we as a people are young indeed. Maturity not youth creates literature. Further the massing of wealth must occur on a greater scale to make possible the appearance of patrons of the arts. We still glory in our youth, but since youth is not a time for thought, our literature must wait.'

"To me it sounds like sloppy thinking, Grandfather. In part I believe it is based on sketchy material. How about the short-story? We in the United States have done most of the work and done it well. Hawthorne, Poe, and O. Henry are not immature, are they?"

Grandfather likes to be asked for an opinion. From the time of my first realization that I had a Grandfather to the present his mind has been keen. Since his eyes require long rests he has had more time for thought than other people. Generally he is far ahead of those who seek to joust with him. The old man began:

"How does the author state his main idea? He says we are too young to achieve lasting literary laurels. Maybe in a philosophic way he can support the thought. But, Morton, as you have said, factually the author has overlooked conveniently something which would disprove his thesis. I'd like to turn the thought in another direction. Don't get excited when I do, young fellow."

"Carry on, Grandfather. I know from the way in which you screw up your face that you plan to throw me and use a sharp knife. Well, I'm waiting."

Grandfather did not like to have anyone anticipate him but he went on. "Morton, though I disagree with the sense of the passage you quoted, I want to say America *does* have a literature peculiar to itself. It is not a literature of distinction unless you stress the second syllable of that word. The twentieth century has been called the 'automotive age' and the 'aviation age' and now the 'atomic age.' In literature it might be called the 'age of sex.' Many years back when I was teaching at St. John's University, American writers began to lift the curtain of a natural, decent reserve. Then since their

first boldness had not been too harshly criticized, they acted on the assumption that complete nakedness was not nasty. They showed a worldly wisdom in moving slowly along with the world, the flesh and the devil. Someone has remarked that they have achieved 'sexcess.'

Morton looked smug and tolerant.

"Generalities are the things you have been criticizing, Grandfather. I am not going to accept them from you. Give me examples of the decline."

I have done much research for Grandfather and typed out numerous lecture notes and magazine articles for him. I know how his mind works. Visitors, however, are sometimes surprised to discover how immediate and appropriate his information is.

"Very well, Morton. Over a period of forty years I have seen a gradual knocking down of the barriers between decency and indecency, between laxity and control. In regard to the delicacies, the intimacies of life, sex for example, we have stopped at nothing."

"Stuff and nonsense," exploded Morton. "I didn't think you were so old-fashioned, Grandfather. If you claim to have seen that change, you are something of an 'old lady' after all and I'm disappointed in you."

Grandfather does not hurt easily but a tinge of red came to his cheeks. It faded but he spoke from tightened lips.

"You're the same cynic after all, Morton. Maybe you're another of those sufferers from mental seasickness. To be smart and alert with unpleasant comments on the secracies of life is valued by you and many others more highly than health and logic. Speaking of age, my 'young' friend, I am convinced you're the one who is out of date. You have been rushing about at such speed that you cannot see, or seeing do not understand, what is happening. I repeat we have been taking away from the precious things of life the protection which mankind and God have erected about them. You want evidence? Very well. Magazines, newspapers, motion pictures, the stage and the radio now discuss subjects which in a more circumspect day were kept in the confessional, the lawyer's office, and the physician's consultation room. I believe such discussions belong there now. But no, the stage, the press, the radio will not have it so. On the stage we have had such tid-bits as 'The Voice of the Turtle' and 'Catherine the Great.' The themes were mean and contemptible. Good writers have given us 'Life With Father,' 'Oklahoma,' and several other enjoyable features. Yet the stage grows nastier. There is a lurid air about it. As

for the radio, the daytime drama pouring its tears and shrieks into the 20,000,000 women and girls who listen, never moves in straight lines unless these cross to form triangles or squares. Is it logical or decent to tell so many people daily that every man and woman who lives with one partner should be encouraged to dream (or more than dream) about another?"

Grandfather filled his pipe and lighted it. His hands trembled with eagerness.

"American magazines offer too many stories that are clinical in nature. The writing is generally good but taste and judgment are bad. No distinction is made in the 'home magazine' between the materials intended for the adult and the immature. It makes me angry. Now it is true, for instance, that today's washing machines are sleek enough to be kept in the living-room, yet few American housewives keep them there. We do not operate sewers, open drains and latrines where we entertain guests. There must be a place for everything and it need not always be the same place. Why should our editors, the people who seek to enter our minds, not remember that?"

"Our newspapers discuss on their 'home pages' such topics as social disease, bed wetting, how a wife should charm her mate physically, and so on. I have stated the last subject modestly because for all my years I hope I have a sense of reserve. But let me move to something else. I have a high regard for the men and women who have accepted the norms of the 'Legion of Decency.' They gave us 'The Song of Bernadette' and The Bells of St. Mary's.' Yet far too many of the films are overly sentimental, sensual, excitants to the baser passions, psychologically unsound. We worship 'pin-up' girls who serve principally to unpin emotions which Christian ladies and gentlemen, informed by revelation and good sense, know must be controlled and dedicated to their ordained purposes."

Morton began to stir uncomfortably. He did not look so cocky. Grandfather appeared tired after his long sermon, yet not sufficiently tired to stop.

"Let me indicate for consideration another side of our lives. The changes have been general and many of them have not been good. When I was a small boy any young man who was courting a young lady was thinking chiefly of marriage. Would you care to say what he's thinking of today? But let me repeat: if the young man of my boyhood made progress in his suit *he first proposed to the girl's father*. The boy of the next generation *first proposed to the girl*. In this age *first the girl proposes*! That change, innocent perhaps but a decided

PARENTS AS BABY SITTERS

Catherine Boylan

A YOUNG father in Los Angeles was recently jailed for unjustifiable punishment of his two-year-old son. It seems that Papa took the lad along with him to a moving picture show and when the little fellow grew weary and began to squirm about midway through the second feature, Papa got cross. He didn't like to be disturbed when he was concentrating on Betty Grable. Well, the child got to be such a nuisance with his wiggling and muttering that Papa grabbed him up and stalked out into the lobby where he gave the kid the licking of his life. Wham! Wham! Wham! That would teach him to come between Papa and Betty Grable. When an onlooker tried to interfere Papa told him to mind his own business. But the onlooker was persistent to the point of following the wailing child and his parent out to the auto park where he jotted down the auto license and turned it in to the police. And now the irate Papa is in jail out of touch with Betty for awhile.

Of course that man didn't belong in a show. If he had no one else to stay at home with his child, he himself should have stayed. He had no right to drag that baby into a theater and expect him to be nice and quiet for some two hours and a half.

This case is an extreme one, of course. There

shift in thinking shows how deeply the social customs have been affected by the false lights thrown on them. We rush when we should walk; we act when we should think; we joke when we should pray. The pattern is the same. We have let down the barriers!"

Morton was silent for a moment, then he spoke. "Grandfather, you have proved more than I expected. Yes, we have removed protections. How should we restore them?"

Grandfather had an answer for that. "We must do some straight thinking. Let us say that *teeth are made principally for biting and chewing; sex is made for a purpose*, other purposes are incidental. The proper thing, in the proper place, at the proper time,—devoted to its proper object. That is both natural and spiritual logic. Beyond that we must storm the throne of the Holy Ghost (the forgotten Spirit), asking that He give us wisdom

are only a few parents in America who would resort to such brutal tactics so they might cater to their own pleasure. Yet there are innumerable parents who are intent upon practices almost as criminal, as they blithely neglect their children and go along their merry way.

From the moment the doctor spanks the newborn infant to make him yell, until that infant arrives at maturity, a certain type of parent expects some one else to find out why he's crying or why he isn't.

While the baby is young, it is a baby sitter who takes over. Who can qualify as a baby sitter? Oh, good heavens! Just anybody can sit! You'd have to be more careful, of course, if the woman or girl you had in for the job was expected to do anything else but just stay with the baby. If she was to do your ironing, for instance, you'd have to think twice whom you had. You'd have to get first class references or try her out or something because if you weren't careful she might do some real harm. She might scorch a good white shirt or rip a bit of lace off a sheer negligee. My! My! Those things can't be replaced. But any old dolt can sit with a baby. If it were a cook you were after, it would be different too. You'd have to be careful

in an unwise age. With Him at our side we may understand that we can't play fast and loose with the same ideas at the same time. But I have talked far more than I should. I'm tired and think I should get ready for bed."

Grandfather had worn himself out. Morton said a quick "Good Night!" to Grandfather, and I went to the door with our caller. On the front porch we stood for a space looking at the star-studded heavens. A solitary lamp-lighter plane coursed far above through the sky, turning the stars off and on as it passed. Morton watched it for a while and it may have suggested a thought.

"Peter, it must be nice to live with Grandfather. I try to fight him but he beats me. It does me good. After hearing him my stuff sounds and looks pallid. Generally I do what I'm going to do now, go home and tear a manuscript or two apart. Good night and thanks to you both, Peter."

lest she waste your food, it being expensive and all that, and you'd want to make sure that she knew how to serve. But if she's just to sit with the baby all you need to know about her is that she can sit.

Now this is not a tirade against baby sitters as a group. It isn't a protest against the practice of having a reliable person stay with one's children every once in awhile. It does not mean that it isn't smart for Mom and Pop to take in a movie once in a while while Grandma takes over or even dash off for a little trip if such can be arranged snugly for all concerned. But this is a huge shout against the prevalent American practice of leaving the babies of the nation as frequently, as persistently, as conclusively as possible. This is a protest against not just the physical desertion of the children of the nation but the psychological abandonment of them as well.

Now we may live in an age where factories can weave cloth more conveniently than Mother can; where soap need not be made at home, nor the cows milked at dawn by the modern Papa and all the chores done by him about the cozy duplex. But we have not yet arrived at an age, Atomic age or no, where love can be ladled up to children by anyone else but Mother and Father. Something which looks like love may be dished out. It may even have a tinny tinkle which tries hard to be the real thing or a bit of a glisten on it which might take in a few. But it is not the sort of love children need to sense and feel and know if they are to grow strong and sure and good and remain that way.

Children have a right to be made welcome. The physical aspect of their arrival on earth is only a beginning. A parent must become a parent by acting like one. By accepting the duties of a parent. By assuming the obligations. By taking on the manners of an adult creature with its young.

Did you ever watch a cat with her kittens or a decent dog with her pups? She guards, tends, licks and loves them all day long. She even chides and scolds them a little.

Every once in awhile you'll come upon an animal which deserts its young. But you put it down in cowboy language as a bit "loco" and let it go at that. In terming it loco you are giving the most kindly interpretation to its strange unnatural actions.

Are there loco human parents too? Don't look now, but the woods are full of them. All the way

from Vine Street to Fifth Avenue and all the huts and hamlets in between.

It is not unusual to read in the papers about young couples dawdling away their time in tawdry beer parlors and dim cocktail lounges while their children are huddled at the curb in parked cars. Sometimes the children are at home, either unattended completely or else in the inadequate care of a 10 or 9 year old brother or sister. What are so-called parents thinking about to abandon the should-be-dear flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone for such pseudo stimulants as are contained in beverages of alcohol content? How can they overlook the plain fact that their job is to care for their young! That they insult the dignity of all mankind by refusal to accept that job! That they show less fineness in the matter than the dumb beasts who instinctively comprehend parenthood.

Probably the greatest source of the difficulty lies in the fact that there are so many adults who refuse to accept the state of maturity. They refuse to grow up. Instead of welcoming the broader and newer vista of life as a grown-up citizen, such people cringe stupidly back into the realm of childhood. They are no longer children free of responsibility, nor are they adolescents learning how to accept life. They are men and women, who must lead their own generation and guide the next. Instead they become borderline inhabitants; with the physique of adults; the place of adults in social and economic life; yet with the emotional and psychological development of children.

Once these retarded parents are made to face the fact that human beings owe loving protection to their young, their problem would be at least half solved. Once they see that they must carry their children into maturity to the best of their abilities; they will be able to carry their offspring, emotionally, financially and intellectually and never know that they have them as they advance. Accepting the state of parenthood makes that state cease to be a burden. A challenge it may be; a Grade A project; a task and a responsibility but not a burden. It is not a burden to carry about one's own weight, even if that weight is 200 lbs. It is one's self. But to carry 200 lbs. of foreign material all day long would be tiring indeed.

There is another type of parent. There is the kind who has a cozy little life all set and organized and who refuses to make room in it for the children. Ah! They will go through the motions of making room. They will have the entire house done over and a nursery redone in blue and pink with

Walt Disney's characters galloping all over the walls. But they will not make any effort to remodel their habits and mental apparatus to make a place for children. Stiffly they reject their children; feeding, clothing, schooling and doctoring them; but never once accepting them.

There are nurse maids and tutors to look after them. There are school teachers, nuns and priests. There are pediatricians and child psychologists. There are dentists and doctors and child guidance experts. There are all of these exalted baby sitters to be had in this society of ours and the parents are thus free to pursue their own pleasures. All of these professional helpers are just that, in reality. They are helpers. The primary part of raising a child must be allotted where nature decreed. It must go to the mother and father.

A certain mother is a writer of no mean ability. She has two excellent novels to her credit. She has four children upon whom she spends a goodly share of her royalties. But she is mighty skimpy when it comes to plain ordinary affection. She never takes time to hug her curly-headed four-year-old simply because he is her curly-headed four-year-old. She hasn't time to hear her 13-year-old daughter's recital of the events of the class party; not even when she should be able to see the drama of a 13-year-old's first party with boys as fellow guests. She hasn't time to play patty-cake with the 15-month-old twins. She's proud of her family, to be sure, and she hires only the best of help and selects their schools with care. But pardon her please; she must put life in print. She must press it between the covers of a book. She hasn't time to cradle it in her arms.

Our educational system is a splendid one. So too are our municipal departments of recreation. And the Sisters' schools! We have naught but praise for them. But they are not enough.

A class in home economics can teach a girl how to lay out a pattern and cut a dress. But can it teach her what it means to have a mother whittle a few cents off the meat bill; to scrape a dollar off the grocery bill; to iron her own laundry so that there will be enough ready cash to buy taffeta for daughter's new prom dress? Can it teach her what it is to see that dress grow under mother's skilled fingers; to read love and sacrifice in the face intent on sewing? Can it teach her to want to merit such a mother's love; to be a credit to her at this prom and every prom, to want to grow up and do the self same thing for her own daughter?

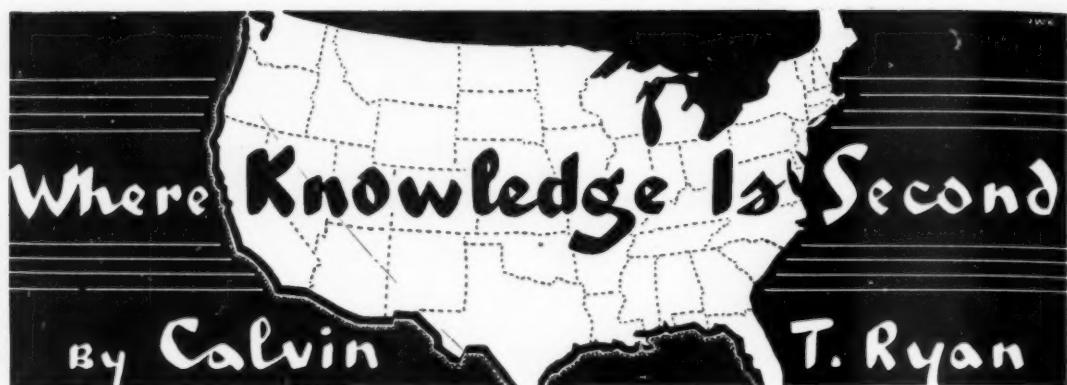
Do you remember Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Harp Weaver" who sat all night "with a harp on her shoulder, looking 19 and not a day older" and by morning there were "clothes fit for a King's son, and just my size...."

Only parents can weave of life that kind of clothes. Only parents can weave them out of nothingness as far as the mortal eye is concerned, yet size and style them right to fit the spirit of a growing boy or girl so that he or she can wear them proudly, confidently, gratefully, right into maturity. And best of all, so that these boys and girls will grow up realizing that parenthood is a precious state; one to be cherished because it carries the power to influence the generation at its feet as well as those many years ahead; because it is a state which has to do with life on earth as well as life after death.

Ah yes! You can find a girl to sit with your baby any time! Any girl will do. All she has to do is sit! But you, parents of America; you don't want your child to grow up with only paid sitters by his side.



"I won you from Bobby Stringer
at marbles today, Mary Sue"



Putting First Things First

WI THOUT doubt one of the best summaries of what science has accomplished is the report of the Director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, made last July to the President of the United States. Dr. Vannevar Bush, the Director, tells what his organization accomplished for the saving of lives and the alleviation of suffering during the war. He goes further and tells what especially medical science has done for human welfare in the last half century.

The report gives some very spectacular facts. The life expectancy of the American people, speaking in averages, was increased from forty-nine to sixty-five years between 1900 and 1942. Diseases of childhood were so controlled that the death rates of infants and children were reduced 87 percent in two decades.

But the picture is not so perfect as we wish it were. According to the report, mental disease is increasing. "Approximately seven million persons in the United States are mentally ill." And Dr. Bush adds, "Each year nearly 125,000 new patients are hospitalized."

Nor does the Director recommend more hospitals and more doctors,

nor even more dissemination of knowledge, as the solution for what medical science cannot do. He says simply, "We do not know enough, and increased facilities for medical care will not supply the missing answers. The basic task faced by medicine is continued exploration of the human organism and the nature of disease." In short, we must learn more about Man.

Shall we not say that Dr. Bush has pointed the way for us? Science has gone a long way, now those interested in the spiritual must take hold. There are two million medical alcoholics in the United States. Our average annual suicide rate is around 800. Something must be wrong with mankind other than organic or physical disorders. With the use of DDT, the sulfa drugs, atabrine, and penicillin, most of the germ diseases should be under control. Knowledge in this field seems to the layman spectacular.

It is now almost a hundred years since Tennyson wrote "In Memoriam," in which he said,

"Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty?"

But he concludes with these lines: "..... Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first."

Perhaps much of our present

trouble; yes, even our mental diseases, can be attributed to our putting knowledge first. We were quite happy, apparently, to turn over the world to the scientists, but they didn't keep us out of the most devastating war the world has ever seen. Their knowledge made it possible both to make it more devastating and to end in favor of the Allied Nations.

We trusted implicity in education. We were quite willing to turn over the world to the educators. We did turn over our dearest possessions—our children. But they did not keep us out of the war. Again knowledge was not enough. Survival of the fittest turned out to be the survival of the strongest. Or what is better said by Dean Earl Marlatt: "The poetry of yesterday has sometimes been the philosophy of today and the politics of tomorrow." The poetry of the "waste land" and the "red slippers" prevailed over "The Man With the Hoe." The unused spiritual lives of youth were left to atrophy. One may well ask: "If the child is educated only physically and mentally, but neglected spiritually, how will he ever become aware of the fact that God plays a large part in his life?" But when knowledge is first, instead of second, there appears no pressing need for the child to know what God does for him.

When knowledge is placed first in our education, in our thinking, we acquire what Dr. George F. Thomas of Princeton so well says, "an amazing knowledge of means and a woe-ful ignorance of the ends and purposes of life." No one should think of checking the marvelous and helpful work of our scientists, especially our medical scientists, but all must admit that their work is with "the knowledge of means" and not with "the ends and purposes of life." It is to their honor that they recognize how far they can go. It now be-hooves those interested in "the ends and purposes of life," in the spiritual to do as well as the scientists have done. If the scientists are willing to acknowledge that knowledge "is the second," then we need men and women ready to take over with what is meant to be first.

Apparently we have not been concerned with training men and women for that task. So much of our education leaves the impression that man is merely a creature of his natural and social environment, with no relation to a spiritual order. We encourage the teaching of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," and, on the grounds of separating church from state, refuse the school a chance to teach "The Lord is my shepherd." Colleges offer credit courses in Mythology, but are not allowed to give courses in the Christian religion, or at least the state supported colleges make that claim.

One of the most promising things wherein the impact of the war on education has revealed itself is in the emphasis on religion. In a limited study made recently concerning the major issues of what changes the war will likely make in American education, the investigator found religion one of the four most frequently mentioned.

The popular notion that knowledge is first, along with more or less dissatisfaction with what higher education is doing for our thinking, is obviously causing serious thought. Already three major Committees have worked on the problem, one has reported, and the other two are to

report soon. The now famous Harvard Report, published under the title of "General Education In A Free Society," has appeared and has been subjected to criticism, as was to be expected. The other, the Yale Report, has not appeared at this writing, although the gist of it has been given to the press. The third, the Catholic Report, has not yet been published, although portions of it have been revealed.

All three agree that religion has a place in higher education.

Science with its spectacular achievements, with its ability to make two ears of corn grow where only one grew before, with its total concern with utilitarian notions, naturally stands out in the thinking of the ordinary person. It is understandable how the ordinary business man can sincerely question any values to be derived from the social-sciences, from the Humanities. One can see how such a man might ask, what has the church done? If, then, the business man can ask those questions and remain within the pale of understanding, why not the college student? Even the high school student? Such an unexamined view will certainly put knowledge first.

Even a study of the advertisements in a major monthly magazine leaves the impression that the chief end of life is the comforts of baby buggies, new cars, new electric refrigerators and washing machines, and scientifically blended whiskies. Knowledge, science, has produced these. What has philosophy produced? What has theology produced? What has poetry, music, art? How meaningless Tennyson's lines are when he writes:

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, 'believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep,
A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd, 'I have felt.'

Conceivably some of the mental and spiritual troubles of the world

are attributable to the fact that so few can exclaim with the poet, "I have felt." Man taught and treated as a mere creature of his environment, like many another of the animal kingdom, seldom progresses to the point where he has any warmth in his breast, not to say enough to melt "The freezing reason's colder part," or to stand up and answer—"I have felt."

On a philosophy of Know Thyself, Greece fell. On a philosophy of Know thy God, the Jews, however much persecuted, are still with us, after having taught the world about the true God, and after having given to the world the Christ, who said of himself, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

It was from that Teacher the world could have learned that knowledge is of two kinds: knowledge of facts, and knowledge of meaning. The facts of the story of the Good Samaritan are certainly probable, but the important thing about the story is the meaning. Such is the case with all the parables of Jesus. The knowledge of facts is submerged by the knowledge of meaning. Jesus knew the place of knowledge about traveling, fishing, looking for lost coins and lost sheep. Such knowledge was second to the major meaning.

Any organ of the body, say the little finger, will grow stronger from constant use. Likewise, any organ left unused will lose its strength. One's spiritual nature is much like an organ of the body: it will grow and increase from use; it will atrophy from lack of use. When the Nazis checked all spiritual growth and learned what had happened, they had nothing left but to go to war. They were back on the animal level.

We must change our thinking; we must change our attitudes toward what actually counts in a man's life, if we wish to escape the fate of those who have put knowledge first. People who lose their vision, who can no longer see the invisible, lack the anchorage and the security of religion. They have no heart to stand up and say, "I have felt."

I Like Housework

Anna-Margaret Record

I LIKE housework! Let me explain hastily that this doesn't mean my house is always in order, or that I'm ever quite "caught up." But I like being a homemaker; I like the housewife part of it. I love a row of sparkling glasses on the sink drain-board. I love the gleam of a freshly cleaned lavatory basin. I love the crisp touch and clean fresh smell of starched frocks and rompers just off the line. I love the shine of ancient linoleum after its weekly waxing.

Some people may immediately protest: "But a clean house isn't the work itself!" Oh, but it is! It's part of it. The rewards of housework are as much a part of the job as landing a big order and receiving the remunerative check are part of business. Satisfaction in work completed is an integral part of any job one does efficiently.

There are naturally household tasks I like better than others: I'd rather wash than iron; I'd rather feed the baby than crawl under tables and chairs after his scattered toys; I'd rather mop the living room floor than dust the furniture. But none of it is *drudgery*. (How I hate that word!) I've never found any household duty that I "hate" to do. And here's why. Taking care of our home is my share of family responsibility. I'm making an investment when I give my time, energy, and interest to making, and keeping, our home attractive. That time has to be given willingly and the interest be genuine or our home won't be a pleasant, restful place no matter how crisp the curtains or how clean the corners. Discontent—resentment—boredom—can spoil any home. I want to contribute my share as generously as my husband gives his.

He doesn't complain about having to earn our living, about punching the clock at 8:00 A.M. five mornings a week, about the monotony of the daily grind. Buying shoes for the children may not be as exciting for him as going out on a happy-go-lucky spree with the boys used to be. But he buys them, matter-of-factly, without sighing for the "good old days" when he had only himself to support instead of a family.

My time, in a different way, goes into our home, too. I'm a partner in a big undertaking, and if we're going to make a success of it, we need my enthusiasm and energy at home as much as we need my husband's in his job. In other words, it's fifty-fifty! I'm grown-up, too. And there are things

more satisfying and worthwhile than mere fun or the thrill of shopping simply to be spending money. I've heard young housewives complain bitterly: "It's such *drudgery* to keep house! And you never have any money that's really yours. I'm going to get a job and get away from the house, and then I won't have to depend on John for every penny I spend...."

Maybe keeping house is drudgery if you make it that. You can't like anything if you approach it rebelliously, with all its drawbacks and disadvantages listed clearly in your mind. Then, too, there are ways and ways of doing housework! My advice to any bride is to work out her own and never, never to feel apologetic because she doesn't do things the way mother, or auntie, or Mrs. Brown next door does them. Like every other housewife, I have mine. As I said in the beginning, I'm not a super-housewife whose rooms never deviate from shining and perfect order. I don't think I could be. I like cleanliness and order, and I try to maintain them, but above all I like a lived-in house—a home—in which comfort is paramount. The house exists for us, not vice versa.

When I begin to tire and my zeal to flag, I sit down for a few minutes' rest. (Frankly, no one annoys me more than a housewife who boasts, as if it were some virtue, "I never sit down from morning to night! I'm dead on my feet, but I've got the house clean....") Sometimes I read a chapter in a book, or listen to fifteen minutes of music on the radio. Sometimes I take time to read "Jack and the Beanstalk" to my little girl, or to cut her a row of paper dolls from yesterday's newspaper. Sometimes I get the baby for a brief, rowdy romp. Going back to work after a few moments of relaxation is no gruelling ordeal for which I have to strain every nerve; I'm ready for it.

Another thing I like about keeping house is that I'm my own boss. I pass judgment on what needs to be done and on how and when I'll do it. Some people work by the clock. Except for the baby's schedule, I don't. If I decide suddenly that I want to bake cupcakes for dinner, I'm as likely as not to leave one of the beds unmade—for the time being—and hunt up my new recipe while the enthusiasm is with me. While they are baking, I go back to the bed and finish it at my leisure. In-

efficient? I doubt it! Maybe in an office such methods would be. But a home isn't an office. And any method which produces the maximum of achievement and satisfaction is surely the most efficient.

If I'm ill, or not feeling up to par, I don't drive myself beyond necessary things. That would, no doubt, be drudgery if one put inanimate work above health and spirits. When it seems advisable, I "let things go," and lie down in the afternoon so that I'll feel fresh and rested when my husband comes from work. Long ago, I discovered that a bit of dust under a table doesn't disturb him half so much as a pale, strained face and a weary step. In fact, he never sees the dust at all if he sees me happy and pink-cheeked, putting dinner on the table or coming to kiss him as he opens the door. When necessary, I make a choice—and I don't choose drudgery! Companionship comes first.

As for money—well, every couple must work out their own arrangements. But I've a word of advice for every bride: in marriage, forget about "my" and "mine" and concentrate on "ours"! Suppose a wife is working outside the home. Why is her salary check more exclusively her own than her husband's check is exclusively his? Isn't their home and its upkeep a common responsibility? The girl who says, "I want to keep my job, so I'll feel free to spend money for what I want," is really saying, "It's a man's job to take care of expenses so my husband can support us, and I'll have fun with what I earn. His salary is *ours*, but my salary is *mine*!" Put that way, it sounds more than a trifle selfish, doesn't it?

Of course, there are selfish or thoughtless husbands. Some wives do have too little voice in money matters. But this isn't usually true. Most wives do most of the family spending, and supervise the outlay of their husband's salaries. It seems a point of petty pride for the average wife, whose husband provides for her as generously as his means permit, to feel inferior at being "dependent on John for every cent." John is dependent on her, too, for mended clothes, good meals, and a pleasant home; but I've never yet heard a husband sigh, "I hate to let Mary sew the buttons on my shirts. Before we were married, I used to manage it myself, but now I'm so dependent on her—" Anyone who heard a man say something like that would think him slightly daft! But isn't it the same thing, in reverse?

A man and a woman pool their resources to establish a home. The very fact that they love and need each other is an acknowledgment of mutual

dependence. In maintaining a home, both money and services are essential, and a young woman who evaluates money as superior in quality to the contribution she can make to her husband and their home is sadly lacking in values. It is a rare husband who does not feel that his wife is investing far more than money could buy in giving her time and talents to making a home out of a house, and to rearing their children herself. I think my husband voices it for others as well as himself when he tells me, "It isn't home unless you're in it."

So, I repeat—I like housework! Washing dishes is a preparation for the next meal, a testimony of love for my family. Hot rolls are a bit more trouble than baker's bread, but they're a good way now and then to show my husband I've thought of him and missed him while he was working to take care of me. Emptying ashtrays, filling the cigarette box, scrubbing floors, sorting laundry—tasks big and little, they are all small tokens of devotion to my family. Maybe I'm impossibly romantic. Maybe I'm a sentimentalist. But if I am, don't tell me! It's too much fun liking my job—and doing it for love!



"If there are any important messages while I'm out, Miss Suggs, just jot them down on odd scraps of paper and lose them, as usual"

A Pharisee Named Gamaliel

Kenneth Wimsatt, O.S.B.

RABBAN GAMALIEL couldn't sleep. And what was more perplexing, he didn't know why. Not that his mind was at peace—nay, the unforgettable remembrance of recent events was leaving him all but thoroughly distraught. He had fought the distractions with prayer, but beyond a moment's concentration it was impossible. He resorted to readings from his sacred rolls, but the familiar words passed unassociated through his confusion. He tried the Greek philosophers; they were utterly abstract.

Gamaliel reproached himself for allowing his emotional continuity to be disturbed in this way. Had he transgressed the Torah in any particular? Had he forsaken his sacrifices, his psalms, his alms-deeds? For none of this need he reproach himself. Then it was the recent events that now upset him!... Tedious it was gleaning one's thoughts in this manner; difficult, too—so many things pressed for recognition. And, annoyingly enough, one picture seemed to pass most frequently across his fancy—the solitary figure of that ill-starred Jesus.

And why should he be kept awake by Jesus' ghost—the fanatic, the crazy dreamer? At least, that's how the Scribes had styled him. For himself, he had never given the man more than a mere passing consideration. Others like him had risen up in the past, spoken a piece and made their exit, sometimes by violence as with this fellow, though never quite so drastically.

Gamaliel shuddered to recall the man's suffering, his crucifixion; he was glad he had not witnessed this last. Indeed, the fierce, unreasoning action of his brother Pharisees was something hard to comprehend—the indignity of it all, the complete throwing aside of all priestly decorum in prosecuting the death of Jesus. He thought of how they had brazenly mixed with the fury-crazed rabble, had even encouraged its frenzied thirst for the carpenter's blood. It had never been necessary for the sacred Sanhedrin to go to such unholy lengths in correcting disorders within the nation. More often the people were sufficient of themselves to overthrow innovators with false teachings, and according to methods laid down by Moses, not by these brutally prolonged, Roman methods.

Yet how calmly the Nazarene bore it all—with more than a mere hopeless indifference, it seemed to Gamaliel upon recollection. In fact, it was something of a religious peace that enveloped the

man; he was muttering psalms continually. Fie! Gamaliel rejected the thought as vacillating—merely his fanaticism!... And yet, would a fanatic remain so serene throughout the trials, the beatings, the mockery? Could a madman maintain so noble a restraint in the face of such grave accusations? Really, the defendant's whole manner bespoke innocence. No! By the Sanhedrin's honor, no! Oh, these maddening thoughts! God of Israel, let me sleep!

Sleep did come eventually, mercifully, but it was fitful, dotted with haunting, grotesque images of the suffering Nazarene.

* * * * *

To the students of Rabban Gamaliel it seemed that the appearance of their much-respected master had grown unusually haggard within only the past few weeks. He faltered in his flowing *jubbah*, destroying the grace of his walk. His voice, not ordinarily so hoarse and pitched in an unnatural register, the heavy breathing accentuated at intervals by deep sighs, the purple pockets beneath his eyes, all suggested a drastic lack of sleep.

They were happy to notice, however, that the master's disposition had not changed as remarkably. He was still the suave, calmly-possessed Rabban, a man of lively faith and pure religious zeal, whose reputation was well-established throughout Israel for being the foremost exponent of the so-called lenient Pharisaic interpretation, developed before him by his renowned grandfather, Rabbi Hillel the Elder.

They had come to sit before his platform, because in Gamaliel's exegesis there was none of that unauthentic haggling over prescriptions and prohibitions, which left utterly nothing to individual responsibility and was beyond the finest effort of the most God-fearing Jew to adequately fulfil. St. Peter defined it accurately as a "yoke which neither we nor our fathers have been able to bear" (Acts 15:10).

On the contrary, this doctor tended to avoid all this elusive distinguishing among observances. He sought, rather, to lift the burdensome additions laid upon the people. Like grandfather Hillel, his effort was directed to "reconcile mankind unto the Law," not by fruitless disputes, but by loving exhortations on the psalms, those cherished songs of Israel, or on the words of the blessed prophets.

Neither was there any of that proud Jewish exclusiveness in Rabban Gamaliel. Witness only

his remarkably "Christian" regulations that would give to every poor man, whether pagan or Jew, the right to glean his little portion from the fields; that would allow Gentiles to be relieved when sick or disabled and given the advantage of funeral rites at death; that argued pagans should be greeted with the salutation of peace.

Nor would his interest in the works of Greek philosophers indicate a narrow, provincialist attitude. This latter was a bold gesture for a Pharisee, but the shameless travesties of the Rabbinical schools gave him impetus, since he hoped to find in Grecian logic and argumentative precision an objective norm that would put an end to their specious playing with words.

Opposed to all that was not organic, to that which was arbitrary and superimposed from the outside, he possessed nothing of that double-dealing lack of genuineness, which the Nazarene had censured so uncompromisingly in his brethren. Rather, with clear, spiritualized vision he looked beyond their childish toying with the Torah to problems and interpretations that were essential and in accord with the finest traditions of the prophets. A man of broad-minded, lofty views, of generous and charitable sensibilities—this was Rabban Gamaliel.

Esteeming the master as they did, then, it was a bit disconcerting to be dismissed early from the period of instruction. However, they did not suspect the Rabban; he was too fine to act in this unaccustomed manner without good reason. A persisting spell of insomnia, they surmised, or some little sickness hard to throw off.

Gamaliel was not sick, but he was tired. In order to avoid embarrassing his pupils—and himself—by falling asleep during the discussion, he had been dismissing them sooner on days when his tiredness was particularly acute. The extra time thus given him he spent in serious study, meditation and prayer. For the most part his studies concentrated on the prophecies—the Messianic prophecies. He had been unwilling at first to give Jesus this attention—he had claimed to be the Messiah—lest he seem to be superstitiously following his nocturnal imaginings. But, anything to put his mind at rest, and, surprisingly enough, he scarcely noticed his exhaustion when he engaged himself this. Of late, moreover, he found his interest mounting, his suspicious resistance toward Jesus weakening; he grew anxious about his own position. By means of prayerful study he hoped the Lord would grant solution to what had become an all-absorbing question—was Jesus the promised Christ?

And if the conclusion would say...yes? Gamaliel did not flee the prospect. He looked it full in its face, pursued it to its logical consequences. Why, if the answer were positive, Jesus and his doctrine must simply be accepted for what they claimed. Already at this point he envisioned the possibility of having to renounce Judaism for a more developed "Christ-ism." He saw that if the latter proved authentic, it must be wholeheartedly embraced as the superior doctrine.

Gamaliel had never allowed his point of view to be submerged into an air-tight mold; his open-mindedness left much interior room for possible higher values. Consequently, it would not be too difficult to overcome the little sentimental attachments which Judaism might still hold out to him. He could dispose himself for embracing Jesus' teaching, when it appeared the better thing. Gamaliel's was that rare personality which will not stop at a lesser good. Spiritually on the alert, he stood ever ready to enter more deeply into the world of God's mysteries. If Jehovah spoke, he would have "ears to hear"—he would heed the call of Christ.

Hardest for the Master to discard were his traditional notions about the Messias. He and all the Jews were expecting a mighty, temporal prince who would gather their scattered nation into one, free it from Gentile domination and lead it on to universal mastery—a glorious triumph of the Law.

But this Jesus, he was so gentle, he had repudiated violence...except, he recalled, the violence that avenges the outraged honor of God's temple or the violence done to oneself in the practice of virtue. Moreover, he was totally without external glamor, poor, destitute even... "without a place whereon to lay his head." And withal, he made the most exalted pretensions—that of being God Himself!... But then, "are not poverty and lowliness the natural vesture for the divinity on earth?"

Gamaliel reviewed the words of the psalmist: "They watch me and seeing me they rejoice; *they divide my garments among them, and for my tunic they cast lots... they have dug my hands and my feet...* But I like a deaf man, hear not; and *I am like a dumb man, not opening his mouth* (Ps. 21 and 37). How literally these circumstances had been fulfilled! Next the words of Isaías struck him: "despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity... we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows... but he was wounded for our iniquities, for our sins. *He was offered because it was his own will, and he opened not his mouth.* He shall be led as a sheep to the

slaughter and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer" (Isaiah 53). Gamaliel noted with increasing apprehension the startling parallels in the sufferings of Jesus.

As for his doctrine, he admitted that it appealed to him. It was so refreshingly spiritual, so far superior to Rabbinical spirituality, which Jesus himself had denounced as hollow and insincere. The teaching of Jesus on charity, his rejection of the "lex talionis," all this the Rabban felt a strong desire to accept.

Gamaliel's delvings into Greek philosophy further disposed his mind to sympathize with the Nazarene's doctrine. The latter had preached a supernatural, spiritual kingdom, which could only be attained by a proportionate means, namely, a supernatural life of virtue, love especially, while on earth. It was so much more worthy of God, purest Spirit that He is, as opposed to the materialistic temporizing of Jewish Messianism.

What is more, all that Jesus said was backed by an uncommonly virtuous life as well as by preternatural powers that were only too obvious, even beyond the Sanhedrin's ability to deny. Nor did his miracles, performed on sinners, sick and dead alike, smack of that ostentation and quackery that characterized the feats of contemporary wonder-workers. They had, rather, the stamp of merciful love, of sanctity manifesting itself amid misery and poverty. But now . . . these miracles, the Pharisee examined the matter anxiously, were they just casual occurrences in the Nazarene's life, or were they most intimately connected with his person, the true reflection of his inner nature—his *divine* nature?

Almost as by an intuition, Gamaliel felt within himself that something portentous had attained its culminating point, a struggle had reached completion. The Nazarene's solitary figure stood clearer than ever before the enlightened eye of his mind. A bridge had been established between them, and they now exchanged a first loving glance.

* * * * *

The highly-respected Rabban Gamaliel I entered into the midst of an enraged Sanhedrin. He had answered the high-priest's summons promptly when the name "disciples of Jesus" was mentioned. He thought he must come—to help, perhaps. It would be dangerous, might even destroy his preëminence with the members of the council, but the time was not for playing the tame, unheroic role that does not want to spoil relations with anyone. After all, he was in a way bound to these men, and by something stronger than just sympathy. The tie was almost fraternal—nay, it was! Did he not believe

the very things they preached, for which they were now being tried? Did he not love, yes, worship the same divine Master?

"These men must be destroyed!" a scribe shouted from the semi-circle.

"My vote is the same!" someone seconded.

"And mine!" from yet a third.

The council would very shortly have provoked itself headlong into a state of frenzy but for the sudden delaying gestures of Gamaliel, who now called for a hearing above the din. By means of repeated gesticulations for quiet he eventually subdued the angry group. Calmer, now, it could more reasonably ascertain the merit of his remarks.

He first requested the temple servant to remove the defendants from the chamber of judgment. When they had been led out and the door closed behind them, he turned to the members of the tribunal.

"Men of Israel," he began, "it occurs to me that we proceed, perhaps, somewhat impulsively and disturb ourselves without good reason. These men whom we judge today, if they are really the somebodies they pretend to be and are in fact commissioned by God to preach a new word to the people . . ."

"Impossible!" "It is absurd!" some interrupted.

"Nevertheless! Unlikely as it may seem, you would not willingly be found resisting a purpose of the Lord! . . . If, on the other hand, they preach a human fancy, it will be exposed in due time. Think only of that Theodas who rose up some time ago, or of the insurrection of Judas the Galilean. Both these men affected great importance, proposed new teachings. Yet were they not overthrown in short order—and by the people themselves? I propose that we wait and watch; time will expose the true nature of their doings. Tell me, at least, what have we to lose by such procedure?"

A reflective pause followed his speech. Caiphas, the chief-priest and president of the Sanhedrin, broke the silence laconically. "Rabban Gamaliel speaks with customary wisdom. I confess myself in sympathy with his counsel. What thinks the Sanhedrin?"

In those days it was not wise to differ with the high-priest, a man of crafty disposition, expert in guile and artifice. Nor had his approval of Gamaliel's words sprung from any real appreciation of their worth. Indeed, he was simply bored. These silly meetings,—too frequent of late, he mused—offered precious little fascination to his dissipated spirit. He wanted something of more tangible interest, something a bit more fleshy. One by one

(Continued on page 190)

HIGH PRAISE FOR CATHOLIC MISSION- ARIES.



JAMES ALDREDGE

It sometimes takes the testimony of a non-Catholic to prove the fearless devotion of the missionaries of the Church. When this witness happens to be a world-famous explorer who has climbed Africa's Mountains of the Moon, who helped lay a railroad through the all but impenetrable Malay jungle, who has investigated the world's most out-of-the-way hinterlands, and who has lectured widely and written a dozen or more books about his adventures, his word ought really to count for something.

Carveth Wells is no mean man in his own field. Where he hasn't been and what he hasn't seen is of secondary importance to modern exploration. He has been blazing new trails for a good quarter of a century. His start as a field engineer on the original survey of the Grand Trunk Railway in Canada gave him a reputation and a roving fever that was to take him all over the globe in time.

When he was hired by the British Government to survey a route for its proposed East Coast Railway on the Malay peninsula, he spent six years in the world's densest tropical jungle. Naturalists sat up and took notice when Wells reported finding fish that climbed trees and earthworms that came up out of the ground and whistled and sang. It sounded like the stories of Baron Munchausen, but the explorer had the scientific evidence to prove everything he described.

His later travels took him in every direction. The Swedish Government and New York's Museum of Natural History sent him on an expedition to Arctic Lapland. Another year he led the Massee Expedition to the Mountains of the Moon in Ruwenzori where he laid his card alongside that of the Duke of Abruzzi. He knows Japan, too, for he once went to Hokkaido to study the Hairy Ainus. Although he has been flying around the world for well over three decades and toured more countries than one can name at a single sitting, he's kept right up to date. Only recently he was honored by being chosen as radio's pioneer television broadcaster.

For Catholics, Wells' explorations are of unusual interest because he found that, no matter where he went or how far away from civilization he roamed, he was sure sooner or later to meet up with a faithful emissary of the Church. The kindly brothers in cassocks crossed his path many times.

He had been about a year in the depths of the Malay jungle, and was sitting one day, listening to the creepy call of the peacock, when he happened to look up suddenly at the approach of a stranger. It was a Catholic priest. The bearded padre's black cassock was strapped about his waist and he was walking bare-legged.

He had traveled like that for forty miles through that difficult region, simply because he had heard there was a white man who had been alone in the

jungle for over a year, and he might need help. "When he found out I was not a Roman Catholic, it made no difference to him," Wells told later. He wanted to be of service in any way possible.

At another time when the twenty-three-year-old engineer was surveying for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, he and his assistants were camped thirty miles beyond Battleford, Saskatchewan. There wasn't another settlement for miles around.

Yet, up into that nowhere, far from civilization, there appeared one day two Sisters of Mercy. In the long black robes that are so familiar in crowded cities, they came walking out on the railroad earth-work. They were nurses, and they had traveled all that way, those two women alone, just to see if there was anything they could do for any of the railroad men. As Wells and his companions were in good health, they had no reason to stay. As soon as they had been given food, they started on. But the young engineer never forgot how calmly they set forth again, without food or lodging in prospect, bent only on being of help to others.

About the most impressive representative of the Church that the explorer ever ran across was Father Grouard. Wells was up in the subarctic Peace River Country, between Edmonton and Alaska, when he met him. Father Grouard was a Catholic Bishop, then over one hundred years old, travelling in a canoe with two Indians; he was bearded and wore a cassock and spoke only French.

Wells listened in astonishment to his amazing story. After the Chicago fire of 1873, Father Grouard had traveled with a bullock-cart from Illinois to the little log-cabin villages of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Still, with his bullock cart, he journeyed on, fighting Indians all the way, until he reached Winnipeg. Eight hundred miles farther and he arrived at Edmonton.

There, Father Grouard put on snow-shoes and walked to Peace River Crossing. It's a journey that even now takes two days by train. Here he and his two faithful Indians built a raft and floated north, until they reached a spot that they thought would make a good location for a church.

The three men landed, and then set to work, building a church out of their raft. That took real nerve. They were cutting themselves off from civilization for no one knew how long, since without their raft they were unable to go back. But Father Grouard didn't worry. He had a job on his hands. The walls and ceiling of the new church were lined with moosehide which he and the Indians tanned. Father Grouard then painted the Stations of the Cross on those walls.

When Wells visited that country, the church was still standing. A number of museums had tried to buy the paintings, but Father Grouard refused to sell them. He insisted they were to remain there until his death when they were to go to one of Canada's largest museums.

At the time the explorer saw the venerable Bishop, he was already a centenarian, but still attending to his duties. He had traveled all over that subarctic country in his missionary labors. Nothing that Wells saw in his travels could match the devotion of this courageous, friendly priest.

(A PHARISEE *Continued from page 188*)
the affirmations came: "His counsel seems good to me... And to me... Aye" the obsequious flattery continued.

"Then let us adjourn! I shall give orders, however, that they be scourged before dismissal. It will convey the impression," he sneered, "that, whatever the nature of their preaching, they may not trifle with the sacred *Beth-Din*."

Gamaliel left the council-chamber as the evening sun was dazzling Jerusalem with its last reflections upon the shining white marbles and golden roofs of the temple. Arrived at home, he retired at once, grateful to Jehovah for the loving relief granted his troubled spirit. He was thankful, too, for the success granted to his words before the Sanhedrin. He wished the disciples might have been spared the beating, but their lives, at least, had been saved. A profound spiritual peace flooded his gallant soul. Soon he was, happily—asleep.

EPILOGUE

An old French tradition numbers Gamaliel among the saints of God. As the legend goes, he appeared three times to a certain priest, by name Lucian, who lived in Jerusalem, informing him of the whereabouts of his tomb—as well as of the tombs of St. Stephen, Nicodemus, and Gamaliel's Abibas—charging him at the same time to have them carried to the Church of Sion in Jerusalem, where they would be venerated by the people. Lucian deferred the carrying out of Gamaliel's injunction until after the latter's third appearance, upon which occasion the vision manifested with some anger his disappointment at having been so lightly heeded. Whereupon the priest went immediately to the bishop, who, together with other bishops, went in turn to the place that had been revealed to Lucian. They had scarcely begun to dig when sweet perfumes, "the fragrance of which delivered seventy men from their infirmities," began to come forth from the ground. The bodies were exhumed at once, borne to the Church of Sion and there given honorable burial. This discovery is commemorated in the liturgical calendar on August 3rd—Feast of the Invention of Saint Stephen, protomartyr, Saint Gamaliel, Saint Nicodemus, and Saint Abibas. The complete account of both visions and invention can be found in De Voragine's *Golden Legend*.

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1948



Calvin T. Ryan

Life has loveliness to sell—

All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Climbing fire that sways and sings
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Sara Teasdale

WHEN the Sunshine Lady gave her recipe for happiness, she told the children that they must find something beautiful every day and pause long enough to enjoy it.

Many of us pass by the beautiful every day and do not pause long enough to enjoy it. Some one has said that the Song of Creation is sung at our doors

Helping Youth Acquire Standards

every morning. Again, the important thing is, do we hear it? Or, are we so scientifically and materialistically inclined that we see and examine only causes and purposes? Nebraska sunsets are said to be the most beautiful in the world. A man with the soul of a poet was looking at such a sunset, then he expressed his admiration to his comrade. "Yes, I have often wondered what causes it!" Of course, his comrade was neither poet nor artist.

Attitudes and expressions of adults often hinder the development of children's love of the good and the beautiful. We read over the children's room in the Smithsonian Museum in Washington the inscription, "Knowledge Begins in Wonder." But again adults may crush the child's "wonder."

Sara Teasdale expressed something of life's wonder in her "Barter."

Life has loveliness to sell—
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Climbing fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

The small child cannot be taught very much about ideals and standards, but he can be given the foundation for acquiring them. Parents can use some non-rational approach. We know that a child's surroundings do influence his outlook on life. We know that he absorbs the tastes and the ideals of the family and of the community in which he grows up. If he has a "Great Stone Face" to look upon daily; if he hears soft and pleasing speech about him; if he sees wholesome pictures; if he has stories told and read to him; then he will absorb those experiences and they will afford him stepping stones to higher and better things. The parent can help the child in acquiring the "habitual vision of greatness."

The adolescent who has had the early training will be ready for the more advanced experiences. What a man believes matters more than any other one thing in his life. Knowledge is important, but the right use of knowledge is still more important. Home, church, and school should all play their parts in shaping what the youth believes. A college professor, through his great love of poetry, especially that of Wordsworth and Tennyson, has influenced the thinking of men and women who have passed through his classes. This professor emphasized the importance of seeing, hearing, and remembering only the best. He has pronounced standards, and he was able to pass them on to his students.

While we know the influence of the parents upon their children, we can see the result of father's being on the night shift and mother's being on the day shift, while the children shift for themselves. If such an arrangement were necessary to win the war, or even necessary to feed the family, we could offer an explanation at least. But rarely is either case explainable by that necessity. More often it is a chance to make some easy money, or "to get while getting is good."

The child who is to grow up possessing a "habitual vision of greatness" must be introduced to the best. In accounting for the insignificantly small group of Hebrews being able to write such masterpieces of literature as we have in our Bible, all agree that the early education of the Hebrew children played a great part. They were surrounded daily by parents who knew the Law, and by teachers who taught them the Law. Jesus grew up in a home where it was possible to increase in wisdom.

In an address at the Women's Symposium, sponsored by the New York Times last spring, Edna St. Vincent Millay said:

"Over a period of many years we have been growing steadily more and more lax in our deportment, both private and public; more and more slovenly in our ethics. Those of us who do not commit crimes, condone them in others. Those of us who are honest in our business dealings, receive in our houses men whom we know to be dishonest in theirs... But how can we put a stop to it? And who can put a stop to it?"

And then the speaker told them. She said: "The women, who have always been arbiters of taste, of manners and of morals in the community in which they live."

Judge Rhodes of Omaha, Nebraska, has complained that petitions for divorce have become a nightmare to him. And the cause? Present conditions, obviously, account for part of it, but cer-

tainly part of it is accounted for by the lax deportment mentioned by Miss Millay.

Does it not seem full time for a renewed emphasis upon the significance of the home? In our town is a reform school for boys. Almost every boy out there is from a broken home. Homes where the father has left, or the mother has left; or that more recent type of "broken home"—where the father is on the night shift and the mother is on the day shift.

Tomorrow's men and women are what we make of our boys and girls. Give to them the best and the best will come back to the world. We should not expect our youth to be interested in the beautiful and the good if we do not encourage them in recognizing it, and pausing a little while to enjoy it. These are mighty fine times "to have something doing at the church."

Many of our adolescent boys are going into the service. A strong effort is being made to encourage the girls to become nurses, or nurses' aids, or to join some of the service auxiliaries. But we still have the boys and girls of the previous age. Unhappily, we learn that those are the ones who are involved in the greatest amount of crime. Some communities are accepting conditions as community problems. They are providing legitimate outlets for these younger adolescents. These communities know the value of prevention.

The quality of a civilization in any given community will depend upon its standards, and what sense of values prevail. The youth of a given community will naturally accept the standards of the community. Communities, like individuals, take on philosophies of life. A Nebraska city of twelve thousand has always emphasized its cleanliness. It has been a wholesome city in which to live. Another city of ten thousand has prided itself on being beautiful. It has advertised itself as the "Distinctive City." There is no doubt that such emphasis influences the inhabitants.

But a philosophy of life that does not include the spiritual element is not going to be permanent. Boys and girls need to be started on a philosophy of life, and one that includes the spiritual, very early. Certainly the father and mother, the home, play a major part in that development. But the home and its influence can be hindered by the kind of community in which it happens to be placed. We may have to start with the community in order to better our own homes.

Children need help in recognizing the beautiful and the good. But helping them is the first step in helping them shape worthy ideals and acceptable standards.

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

Before the end of a novena the soreness I prayed to be relieved of entirely disappeared.

T.O'L. (Calif.)

My grandson was very sick with an ear infection. The doctor thought he would have to operate. I promised Brother Meinrad an offering if the operation could be avoided. The next morning when the doctor came the boy was much better.

L.McD. (Ind.)

A member of our family took to drinking and was beginning to lead a life which we feared would take him farther and farther away from God. We prayed and promised to have the favor published if Brother Meinrad assisted us. Almost immediately there was a change. This is the second time we have experienced the help of Br. Meinrad in an almost miraculous way.

S.I. (Ind.)

My eleven-months old baby was very ill with a cold and a strange rash. I prayed to Brother Meinrad for help and in a few days the rash completely disappeared. G.A. (Ind.)

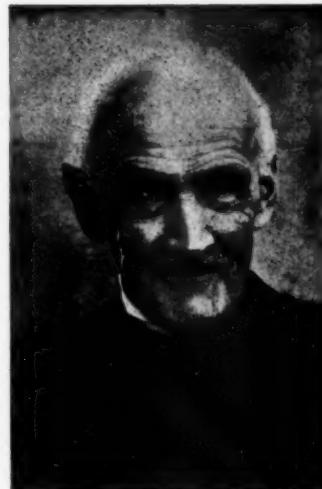
My prayers were answered over night...

E.P. (Ind.)

I had terrible pains which I thought were pleurisy or pneumonia. In desperation I turned to Brother Meinrad. By morning the pains had gone. I am on my way to recovery after nine months of painful suffering.

M.S. (Penn.)

My sister left the Church 25 years ago and disclaimed all beliefs in the Catholic Faith. She became a helpless invalid and was brought to my home. We nursed her through a long ordeal of suffering until she died. She still refused to be reconciled to the Church and we placed a picture of Brother Meinrad in her pillow, and before the end came, she asked us to help her make an Act of contrition and consented to have our priest hear her confession. However, before she could receive Holy Communion her throat became paralyzed and nothing could pass her lips. We prayed harder and our priest said he would try to have her receive the Sacred Host and she swallowed it without any difficulty,



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them in to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

and immediately after, her throat closed again and nothing ever passed her lips again. E.S. (Mich.)

Dad was very ill with a serious poisoning on both hands. After we prayed to Brother Meinrad, his hands were healed in a short time.

A.C. (Minn.)

I prayed to Brother Meinrad and to St. Anthony to help me find a lost purse. Through their intercession it was found by a lady who lived twenty-five miles away.

J.D. (Iowa)

Brother Meinrad helped me some time ago to find good employment. While I was grateful to find good work I was a bit disappointed that the pay was not as good as I had been receiving. But soon the increase in salary came, too, and I am sure it was Brother Meinrad's work.

K.S. (Mich.)

I am enclosing an offering in thanksgiving for favor received. I was cured of dizziness after asking your prayers. M.D. (New York)

I promised to have it published if I obtained help from Brother Meinrad. He helped me and I am sure anybody who prays to Brother Meinrad will have his prayers answered one way or another. A.S. (Mich.)

M.S., a victim of polio and badly affected spine for the past two years has been dangerously ill. She has been in the hospital, bed-ridden for a long time with a serious heart condition. Two doctors told her she would never get better.

We have been praying for her recovery if it is God's will, asking good Brother Meinrad to help her. Thank God, she is now out of bed, walking around, though still very weak. The doctor now tells us she is on the way to recovery, conditions being very favorable. Thank God and good Brother Meinrad. He has done so much for her. I have his picture hanging in her bedroom. N.B. (R.I.)

I promised an offering to Brother Meinrad if my sister came through an operation successfully. She did. L.McD. (Ind.)



St. Meinrad's Fatima Week

August 14th to 20th

America's PILGRIM VIRGIN from Fatima will arrive
at St. Meinrad's Abbey on the afternoon of August 14th.

The Program of the Marian Hour Services and other
details will be announced later in the Catholic papers.

All will be open to the public.



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